

CAVALCADE

DEC. 1



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THE TREASURE IN THE TRUNK
THE DEATH-RAY MAN * * * *



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Cavalcade

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I ALMOST

LOST

MY HUSBAND



ANONYMOUS

Our love had lost its first eagerness but it still seemed secure.

Our daughter, Margaret, was seven when things started to go wrong. George and I had been married nine years.

Our love was no longer the eager, passionate love of our early marriage, but I considered it had settled down to a calm, satisfying emotion. Although I was not demonstrative in my affection, I loved my husband just as deeply as when I first married him, and I thought he felt the same way.

When I met George, he was a good entertainer and talker, and he was

popular with his friends. He liked sport and he was a member of both a golf and a tennis club. It was at a golf club dance that I first met him.

But George had a weakness. He liked playing poker. He and several of his friends used to meet one night a week and play until two or three o'clock in the morning. Naturally I didn't like it.

Our first row was about the poker playing. George thought he would still be able to join in the game every week and leave me sitting at home. When I objected, he was surprised.

I told him it was something, and he said, "So what?"

When I said we couldn't afford to throw money away in poker games while we were struggling to put a home together, he shrugged his shoulders and said so.

For a while we continued to play golf, but then with Margaret as the way I had to live it up. I think George would have gone on playing, but at that time I didn't like being alone even in the daytime.

After Margaret arrived, I was even more fed up, and if George had wanted to get out to golf, there was a garden to be kept in order.

A woman, I suppose, is quickly absorbed into the domestic life of her marriage. After a while she is inclined to take her husband a little for granted. When there is a child, he is pushed even further into the background. But if I thought about it at all, I considered that was the price a man paid for comfort, a well-run home and a child.

George did not seem to have as many friends as he did before we married. No doubt it was because we didn't get out very often. It wasn't easy to get someone to look after Margaret.

For a while, George was always suggesting we have friends around in the evenings, but by the time I had cleaned the house, attended to Margaret, and cooked a dinner, I would feel so tired that all I wanted to do was go to sleep. We did have some people in a few times, but the evenings weren't very successful. Our friends appeared to like staying up late and I didn't.

The year went quickly and Margaret had just had her seventh birthday when I first realized that there was something wrong with George.

He started moping around the house instead of taking the garden in the week-ends, and when I pointed out to him that the lawn needed cutting, he snapped at me.

It was as if George, that I "you quite worried. Then he began coming home late for dinner, or sometimes not coming home at all, but saying he was from the office to say he was working late.

When he'd ring me for the third night in succession, something began to tick in my brain. Working late? Wasn't that the excuse men were supposed to make out when they were in reality doing with some shaming female and spending the evening in her company?

I tried to laugh at the idea. When he rang up again a few nights later to say he wouldn't be home, I was feeling irritable, and I am afraid I said more to him over the telephone than I should have. I ended up by his coming home for dinner, but immediately after, he put on his hat and said he was going out.

When I asked him where he was going, he said he was going out with the boys. I asked if that meant Jim and Keith, and he said "yes," but he snapped at me.

After he'd gone, I began worrying again. I decided I would call my boys. I rang up Jim's wife, Molly, to ask if she knew where the boys had gone. I was taken aback when Jim answered the phone. I made some excuse and hung up as soon as I could. Then I rang Keith's home. The wife told me Keith was in bed with the Y's.

I was convinced then that the worst had happened.

I was waiting up for George when he got home. It was after midnight. I tucked him right away.

"There's another woman, isn't there?"

He looked hard at me for a moment. Then he turned away.

"What of that?"

It was an evasion, but I took it for an admission.

"I suppose you would like a divorce?"

I expected him to deny this, but

he didn't. He said, "Yes."

He wouldn't discuss it further.

I slept in Margaret's room that night. At least I lay on the spare bed. I didn't sleep.

I had plenty of time for thinking. I found myself doing a lonely future without a husband. I began to wonder if I had really appreciated George. I remembered how kind and considerate he had been in the first years of our marriage. It wasn't that he had changed, but it seemed so if I hadn't lost seed of his kindness so much lately.

We had drifted apart. I had to admit it. George was fond of Margaret, but he didn't see as much of her as I did. It was natural that she should take up more of my time than I had to spare for my husband. But was it?

I thought of the friends George had had before our marriage, how he had enjoyed their company, the excitement with which he had played tennis and golf with them.

For the first time I began to feel a little rebuffed when I realized that it had been on account of me that George had given up his friends and his sport.

Even the poker games. Certainly I had been gambling, and it meant that money would be lost, but what did it matter if George was happy?

I knew then that I had been wrong and where I had been wrong. But it was too late. Or was it?

It is four years now since George and I mentioned divorce that night. Our life has been very different since then.

We had a long discussion the next morning. I told him frankly what I had been thinking, and admitted my faults. To my surprise and relief, George seemed only too ready to straighten things out.

We are both playing golf again now, and every week-end finds us out on the course, while Margaret is left playing with her young cousins. I am feeling much happier and happier, and I know George is too. He has an occasional night out with the boys playing poker, and I am pleased that he does.

As for the "other women," she was never mentioned again. She may have existed, although I have my doubts. But if she did, I leave her to thank for giving me back my husband before it was too late.





New legs—but it's the attitude of mind that counts

"Well, my life will be a bit different now." The boy sounded gloomy.

The man in the white coat finished fitting him.

"Should be," he said cheerfully.

"Gosh," said the boy, "I don't know if it's good. How can it be when I've only got one leg?"

The man got to his feet, squatted down quickly, stood up, then sat down.

"Don't seem to have worried me much," he said.

In one of the shrewdest psychological tricks, confidence had been restored to another amputee before he joined the wooden leg brigade.

When the Repatriation Commission started the first Artificial Limb Factory in Melbourne in 1915 it realized the greatest difficulty would be overcoming an attitude of mind. The job of turning out legs and arms

that were as lifelike as those amputees were faced was simple compared with getting the wearers to feel the same.

There would be no answer to the amputee's depressed, "It's all right for you to talk, but how would you feel with a wooden leg?" unless there was sympathy all round. That sympathy came, but in such a casual matter-of-fact way that amputees get the idea there's nothing to this wooden leg walking.

For every workman in the factory is himself wearing an artificial limb. At first it's hard to believe. At their benches, walking round the building, they're all so perfectly natural and relaxed—no sticks and no stiff knees.

The story of the artificial leg from tree trunk to leather trunk is itself a humbugging one. Phantasies of over-willow are given, specially for limb making, and the lengths are sewn off and put away to season.

The factory work now begins. At one end of the workroom the lengths are carved into blocks, each one individually shaped and measured. The amputee's stump must fit into it as shakily as a hand in a glove.

Jim fits his leg in the making in a good case to follow. Jim lost his left leg above the knee in a mine explosion in New Guinea. All joint movement in the left leg has to be supplied by clever mechanisms figured out on a factory bench.

His stump fitted easily into the "haricot" top as he was ready for the rest of the leg. The lower part was a neat hollow reproduction of his own calf, and this in turn was joined to the upper half to form a flexible knee. The mechanism inside the knee was highly sensitive. A small bevelled wheel protruded slightly above the knee to show an easy adjuster. Through his sleeve Jim could adjust on wheels the knee joint to conform with the natural swing of his good leg.

The foot was as flexible as a dancer's. The leg fitted into a rubber lined socket to form the ankle and the toe piece was hinged with rubber cushions to let the wearer tip-toe if he wanted to.

Jim fit his leg looked fine sitting on the bench dressed up in his shoe and sock. Strapped on to Jim with a pelvic band, it seemed suddenly un-convincing.

The day he had his first big try-out was nerve wracking. But he was used the self-consciousness of a solo performance by a lucky meeting.

Walking with Jim was another amputee—Bill B. He too looked at his new leg with a lot of trepidation.

"O.K.," said the attendant, "come on you two, along to Miss' Alley."

Miss' Alley is an' 'course in the beginner's arena. At the first factory it is pretty much the same and to an amputee it is as tricky as though the ice is still there.

He grips rails on either side; they

are comforting, but he must not watch his feet move. At one end a ten foot high mirror reflects back the wooden-limber's progress and he must keep his eyes straight ahead.

Bill and Jim had any embarrassment in their bid to outdo each other. By the end of the morning they got new confidence feeling they were both two of a kind.

A few more practice joints and Jim was ready to take away his leg, and a spare should be have a breakdown, a set of sleep socks, a new pair of shoes.

Life will go on for Jim B. in a perfectly normal way, and when he is dressed up, the outside world is hardly likely to know he's got a dummy limb.

Most of what he can do will depend on himself. But once he has faith in his leg he can tackle most things. Football might be out, but he can play golf. A wooden-limber with an above-the-knee amputation heeled out in one is a recent Victorian golf tournament.

Long aren't the only things that the factory tools turn out. Arms have a high priority. Intensity is the chief necessity for arm attachments. Every arm amputee is supplied with appliances suited to his own special job.

Below-the-elbow amputees are the easiest to fit. A leather garment with a grooved metal fitting on the end covers the stump. Knives and forks, spoons and knives, pencils and tooth-brushes all have a push button that plugs into the amputee. Above-the-elbow amputees used a mechanical elbow, and the plug-in principle is the same. Movement is controlled by the shoulders, a string that will jerk the arm up or a string that will jerk it down.

Arm amputees are always supplied with a dummy arm, which has a convincing reproduction of a hand on the end. Each finger joint is dextrified to make finger bending natural.

SINGING IT UP

The young birds was really a pat A. cast, disappointed after hours.
She said, "There's one thing I must get
That's a flying-pipe. Simple!
And yet
A flying-pipe's tricky, I'll bet!"
So she went to a shopman and let
Him suggest a fly-pipe. Is a fly
She then cried "Oh, I'm awfully upset!
Is this fly-pipe the best I can get?
Will it fit any old cigarette?"
—EVE M.

Movement in the dress hands can't be controlled by inside mechanism. But sitting in the train, you can fiddle with your hands, push one finger back, one forward so that woman's sensibility goes. With both hands gloved, the rest of the train can't notice a thing.

The artificial limb factory focuses on the attitude of mind which extends to the watcher as well as the wearer. Fly is out. Given a chance, an arm amputee is eager to demonstrate what he can do and if he drops things he wants to be termed a "brilliant dancer" along with everyone else.

And if you want to know exactly what they can do, watch John Seafort in action. It is a little more difficult for Johnnie—he is blind as well.

When he hit earth again after an army mine explosion in 1914, there seemed to be a good many parts of John Seafort missing. But surgical skill picked up what was left and hoped for the best. After some time it became obvious to John Seafort that he would never have any lower arms or right again, and as one side

of his face was paralyzed, one ear seemed to be out of action too.

So instead he started adding up what was left. Except for atrophied wrists, his legs were intact and at least he still had his own elbows. Touch is generally the blind man's sight, but with no fingers some alternatives had to be thought up quickly.

As the stumps healed he started dealing with them. In one arm, sensation was dead. But in the other, by the greatest miracle, a nerve had been left on the end of the stump. This one sensitive spot became his substitute. In hospital he learned Braille walking like one over the pages. It was tiring work, but it was the first hopeful sign.

Despite the advancement, hospital authorities were sceptical about future progress. Although they fitted his stumps with prosthetic, the idea of a blind man using attachments seemed impossible. In the first weeks of discharge his wife fed him and looked after him like a baby.

Johnnie had lost a good deal, but not his spirit. The open leading got him down, and immediately he determined to use his own knife and fork, if nothing else.

From that day he worked with his father over his new attachments, and experimented with the results. The training period was a gray one. He jibbed his fork through his lip and he slashed himself daily with his own.

But he was determined not to depend on outside help.

Before the war Johnnie was a carpenter. By the time he'd got used to his new knife and fork he began thinking about the tools of his old trade. Wood measurement was the hardest thing to gauge. He began by rubbing his sensitive thumb along the surface, feeling the ends and working out distances. Hitting a nail was another obstacle to overcome.

No one was anxious to hold the nail while a bit or nine arose slammed down on their fingers. Now he does it all himself quickly and smoothly, with right way up and hammer hand straight.

In a work shed at the back of his Northbridge (Sydney) home he opened for business. At first he made fly-cases—the simplest things he could think of. Now the shed is stacked with tables and chairs, lampshades and dusters, and every other article that comes of a carpenter's bench.

His two assistants work as though he's watching. Sometimes they'll call out, "Where'll we put the holes, Johnnie?"

Up comes Johnnie's head. "About six inches from that end," and he'll point in the direction. You'd swear he could see it.

Indeed Johnnie is just as skilled. He knows the house perfectly and never wavers in his action. At night he plays cards, the Braille figures dotted in the corners.

"But," he adds, "they won't let me deal, because I know what's coming."

He goes dancing often and recently won a dancing competition. Now he's launched out into cricket, playing with the blind fitters' team. Once more he set to and invented special attachments to hold the bat.

He types his letters, but signs his name, clamping the pen with his stumps—and it's a clear signature, with character.

He "rocks" avidly from a book gramophone that runs recordings of the latest best sellers. Instead of a winding handle he pushes a bevelled wheel.

Johnnie Seafort leads such a normal sort of existence that you forget his disabilities. And that's just what he wants. He's the best type of advertisement for the Limb Factory's slogan—that with courage and perseverance an amputee's future can be happy and successful.

Not long ago a woman brought her daughter to the Limb Factory to be fitted with a striped hat (another of the factory's products). The girl's face was shockingly deformed and the hat was heavy and unsuitable. The attendant said calmly to the mother afterwards, "Why don't you have her foot cut?" The woman was appalled, and her reply was thunderous.

The public still recoils from the thought of amputating a limb unless it's mutilated beyond aid. Yet a comfortable normal walk could take the place of the warty leg-and-arm-and-foot that the girl will have for the rest of her life.

War casualties have jaded public sympathy a good deal, but paper it with workmen's amazement, and the horror of artificial limbs will quickly disappear.



The night was cold and wet
but it soon warmed up.

J. McBRAT



THE TAKING OF Yehia Ahlan

THE inspector poked his head into the recreation room and coughed a snigger. I frowned inwardly. The night was cold, and men had begun to fall. It was just the kind of night when a Palestine policeman asks for anything more than to relax in front of a fire—and knows that something will happen to disturb the peace.

The inspector was an ex-Trotskyite with a full sense of discipline. I followed him into the station. He came to the point quickly.

"Constable, Ramallah is, by Arab standards, a law-abiding town—but we've got more deaths in the book than I like. I think we'll start to close schools tonight."

I heard the men outside become to a crescendo, and gloom fell upon me.

"First," went on the inspector, "I've been told that there's a Reform map

on the border of Ramallah and Jericho area that possesses an arsenal of small arms. As you know, that area is the hideout for a good number of the men we're after."

He consulted some papers, and added: "Yehia Ahlan, for instance."

I knew of Yehia Ahlan. He was a very bad character who had been living on the sly for years. He had a couple of murders to his credit that we'd pinned down to him, and probably a good number more about which we knew nothing.

"So there's a good chance that we'll hit two birds with one stone—put a head of cows and brags in a murderer or two. You will take a patrol of eight men, and we'll search the area for two days. Have your men ready at 2:30 a. m."

I nodded and went out into the even-

ing. There was no surprise at the mounted section of the Force at Ramallah at the time and on winter evenings, I had charge of 26 men, four British constables, an Arab sergeant, two Arab corporals, and 18 Arab constables. All of them were dependable types with the possible exception of a couple of Christian Arabs who, in addition to possessing doubtful fighting qualities in a pinch, lived in four of their Moslem homes.

I called my Arab SCU's together and explained the situation. They appeared to be as happy about going out into the cold as I was. However, at 2:30 the chosen men were assembled. I inspected the patrol and reported all correct.

The inspector heaved the order "Mount!" and we were on our way. As we rode through the icy blackness of the night, the men stopped and my spirits rose. This at least, I felt, was a change from routine patrols.

Our friends were behind us now and ahead lay broken country where, we hoped, we would encounter the men we sought. The area, we knew, was peopled by Arabs whose record for British authority was slighter than many desperadoes who, if needed, would not hesitate to fight it out.

Suddenly as we topped a rise, we saw in the pale dawn light our first destination—a British camp which according to an informant, held many rifles—a breach of law for which the owners might be imprisoned for life, and which almost certainly would have at least, a two-year jail sentence. The truth, gleaned by the dull light, was quiet.

The inspector lifted on his, and we stopped.

In a quiet voice, he gave us our briefing.

"We will wait till dawn. Yes, Constable McBrat and two others, will remain mounted. The rest of us will move into the wash on foot. The

mounted party will wait for two minutes and make the wash to cut off anyone trying to escape."

As the first platoon of dawn began to show above the clearly defined hills of the Transjordan, the inspector gave the signal.

We closed in. A sudden shout from a British sergeant has fellows out of their team. They stood at attention, but their leader started as to make a search. Anti-aircraft. Not a rifle was found.

In a nearby valley, a sheep bleated at us innocently. Then, for no other reason except that I knew the sheepherds came from Heblan, a village which had more than once indicated its contempt of the law, I had a thought.

I rode over to the inspectors and asked for permission to question the sheepherds. He gave assent, and told me to take an Arab constable with me. I chose Ahmed Talib, a constable I knew I could depend on in the event of trouble. At the top of a hill, I came upon two sheepherds, sent them back with Ahmed for investigation, and went on.

Then, with a suddenness that made my horse rear, a rifle shot rang across the valley. I turned to see an Arab youth running down the wash, one of our men had fired with a quarry. Three hundred yards away, I saw two men come out of a cave in the hillside. Each was armed and started to fire on the pursuing policeman. The latter a member of the once powerful Arabist family whose escape was a matter of tradition, instantly fell to a knee and returned the fire.

The advantage was all with the bandits. Dawn was in open country and made a good target, while the others were able to fire from a sheltered position. I put my horse into a gallop, and got to within 200 yards of the men, dismounted, and opened fire from a standing position. My second shot found my man, and he fell forward in the wash the other

CORNEL WILDE and his lovely blonde wife, Pat, have been married for ten years and now that they've got their lives more organized their future happiness seems assured. But a few months back Hollywood expected the partnership to hit the rocks. Pat and Cornel had four weeks trial separation but were so unhappy after it, that they forgot those old troubles in a month's holiday in Hawaii.

Away from the hectic tension of screenland, they looked in the sun and drew up a new formula for their life together. Never again will Cornel work as he did before, every day for three years without a break. Instead he'll make only two films a year so that he and Pat can be together, relaxed and happy. They shouldn't had now.

—Press Photo-play, the world's best motion picture magazine

emphasizing that the tables had been turned, began to run in the opposite direction.

My horse, excited by the shots, was becoming hard to handle. I swung into the saddle, but lost a valuable second or two in taming him.

The herd, I saw, had taken a track that would lead him to broken country—and unless I cut him off he would be as safe as a rabbit in a burrow. He was making good time. His "kern-bur" or long clock, hampered him not at all in his flight. I noticed, too, that his headstuck was the Arab "Hitta wa Achbi", worn at an angle so flexible to us during the "Arab Troubles", when every one of our army age took pride in wearing his "Hitta" at a devil-may-care slant as an indication of the contempt in which they held the forces they were fighting.

The chase was well and truly on. With my horse at a gallop, I swung as an arc to prevent the herd's reaching broken country. Then I realized I had made an elementary error: I was riding along the skyline. The revelation came to me when I saw the Arab stop in his tracks and take patient aim at me.

I took the one corner left open to me—I threw my rifle clear and dived for the ground. My head hit first, and I lay stunned for a moment. Through a haze, I saw my horse kick up his back and with a shrill whinny gallop off.

I pulled myself together and looked around for my rifle. It lay a few yards away, and I edged myself towards it. Clutching it I crawled to the edge of the slope. The Arab, obviously under the impression that he had disposed of me and therefore metaphorically brushing me off, was walking away with complete unconcern.

I opened fire and at my fourth shot he fell flat. Then, rising with great speed, he made for a rock. I stared, apparently as I did, my headstuck had gone over my outstretched arm and to keep up the fire, I would have to recover it. I fussed it, and crawled back to the edge of the slope to find that my adversary had hidden behind a big rock. The top half of his head and his rifle came over the rock, and a bullet mist and spraying in my face. I replied, and he accepted the challenge with gusto. It took 20 seconds to convince him that I had

no sign on him. Then, he got up and ran swiftly over a nearby hill.

To follow him on foot was useless. The inspector called to me and I walked down the hill to him. He was in good humor.

"Good work," he complimented me. "The man back there is Yehia Akhies. The other is Saad El Ezz, wanted for murder and an ex-leader of the Arab Gangs."

Quickly, I explained the position, and urged that a mounted party be sent after the fugitives. He ordered the Arab police to mount and give chase, while I was to remain to guard Yehia Akhies. I realized, now, that I must have injured my arm in falling, for it was aching like blazes. Yehia was lying against a rock. All the fight had gone from him.

I had little hope that the Arab constables would find their men, for they were limping back—not out of fear, but because they were afraid of having to answer a tribal charge of shedding

the blood of an Arab. I was right, within a few moments, the inspector came back to report as luck

I had some more, and was yet as far away, from capturing the murderer that in spite of my injury I offered to go with the inspector to try to find him. Half an hour's search, however, convinced us that the task was hopeless. Still, there was at least Yehia Akhies.

And poor Yehia had not come to the end of his troubles. We made a litter, and placed him on one side of a camel, with a counterweight of stones on the other side. Our judgment was that the weight of the Arab was too great and his body fell to the ground, followed by a great clack of stones. He must have thought he was being buried alive.

Finally, we got him aboard. His destination was good—35 years of it. And my destination was the fire in the recreation room.

It had started to rain again.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No 47



The graph was a wavy pattern though the quake was thousands of miles away

The earth rumbled and rocked. Seven cities were wrecked. Sixteen thousand people were killed or injured. While the survivors of four successive earthquakes struggled feebly to their feet, another disaster struck as late (and) worse rain and swept over the land, adding to the confusion and increasing the death toll.

Japan suffered these upheavals on June 25th this year.

Before the rocking of the last quake had ceased, a tremor in Australia was heading over his instruments, warning the earthquake on the globe. He was trying to calculate where the center of it lay, and beat the odds with the knowledge.

The scientist was Father Daniel O'Connell, S.J., M.Sc., D.Ph., F.R.A.S., one of the world's leading authorities on earthquakes. In his observatory at St. Ignace College of the Jesuits, Riverview, Sydney, Father O'Connell

records an average of between 300 and 600 earthquakes a year.

Father O'Connell was born at Rugby, England, on July 22d, 1898. He became a Jesuit novice at 17, and began his studies at Clongowes College, County Kildare, seeking science and philosophy his special subjects. From Clongowes he went to the National University in Dublin, and later spent some years studying philosophy in Holland.

He came to Australia in 1923 and has been associated with Riverview College ever since, except for periods spent abroad in the study of seismology and astronomy.

The modern observatory in which the seismological work was established by another Jesuit and brilliant scientist, the late Rev. Dr. E. Pigot, and began as a seismographic instrument, mounted on concrete pillars set into solid rock. Each of these instruments has a pendulum which

magnifies vibrations set up by an earthquake shock.

The pendulums are balanced on a suspended iron drum weighted with lead, and are so sensitive that they will record the course of a spider or a fly walking carelessly across the drum.

Three of the seismographs record the motion of the earth photographically, while another traces the impulses with a stylus pen on smoked paper.

The normal pulse of the earth is about 15 beats a minute, and these regular beats are recorded on the seismograph as a line of even upward and downward strokes. At the slightest disturbance, however, the pulse immediately quietsens and the strokes become lengthened and irregular.

In 1923, Dr. F. Owen, the famous Tokyo seismologist and volcanologist, visited Australia as a Japanese delegate to the Pan-Pacific Science Congress. He accepted an invitation to inspect the Riverview observatory on September 1st, and was standing by the seismographs as they began to record with wild and abandoned movement, a great earthquake.

Dr. Owen took off his coat and worked anxiously with the college seismologists, developing the photographic records of the shock which was thought to be in Japan. It was not until several days later that the full story of the tremor and destruction in Tokyo was known, and Dr. Owen learned his own home had been devastated and several members of his family killed in the quake.

Two of the seismographs in use at Riverview are Galilean models. These were made by engineers of the Royal Australian Navy in 1880, from plans prepared by Prince Galileo, the great Italian astronomer who was a friend of the late Dr. E. Pigot. These instruments readily earth tremors 75 times.

From early morning until late at

night, Father O'Connell is at work in his observatory. He is assisted by Father R. Burke-Gaffney and Mr. P. F. Rhinaberry. The seismographs are regularly inspected during the day, movements noted and photographic records developed.

Most earth tremors are occurring constantly, but most of them are such small movements that no one would be aware of them were it not for the instruments.

Although the exact location of the earthquake cannot be fixed until there has been an exchange of information between a number of seismographic stations, the distance of the shock from the observatory can usually be estimated. This is because two different types of waves are sent out from the epicenter of an earth disturbance. One is the transverse wave, which shows a backward and forward movement on the seismograph, and a second wave, which records as a push-pull movement.

This latter wave travels faster than the transverse wave and leaves its trace on the paper earlier.

The interval of time between the recording of the two waves varies with the distance to the center of the earth disturbance and makes a mathematical calculation possible.

Immediately a large earthquake is recorded, Father O'Connell cables the reading of the seismograph to the U.S. Coastal and Geodetic Survey. This official body in America collects information from seismologists all over the world, collates the details received, and returns the final results to the observatories.

Many theories are held by seismologists throughout the world as to the cause of earthquakes. None can be proven that has theory is right.

The most popular belief is that inside the earth there is a still great heat which causes the molten mass to move uneasily without any stress in certain places. When the pressure becomes cracks and fractures result, and as

ONE Washington hotel has a new method of waking sleep guests so they get to their appointments on time. The bellboy knocks on the door at the designated hour, "I have a message for you," he announces.

The guest, confused from sleep but nevertheless flustered that he has attained sufficient experience to merit such attention, sprang up and opens the door. "What is it?" he asks excitedly.

With a grin, the bellboy explains, "It's time to get up, sir."

the two sides of a fissure come together, one frequently slips. Should it be a drop of only a few inches, it would probably be sufficient to cause a sudden jolt or earthquake.

An earthquake is actually only one sharp jolt or movement. Prolonged shaking is not a continuous "quake," but the vibrations set up by the initial shock after the earth has begun its settling-down process again.

Father O'Connell stresses the fact that volcanoes do not cause major earthquakes. A volcanic disturbance affects the surface of the earth only, whereas an actual earthquake may originate near the surface or up to 40 miles or more below it. The majority of earthquakes occur beneath the sea, but there are earthquakes felt running through various countries on the globe.

One belt runs from the west coast of South America to Alaska, through the Aleutians and Kamchatka and then to Mongolia Island. It includes the Kurile Islands, Japan, and Philippines, New Guinea, the Solomon, New Hebrides, Tonga, Kermadec and New Zealand.

A second belt runs from the Atlantic

Ocean to the Mediterranean through Italy, the Balkans, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Tibet, China, and down to Burma through the Malay Peninsula.

Father O'Connell believes that major earthquakes are not known in Australia, because the continent is one of the oldest and most settled parts of the earth's surface.

A seismologist does not predict earthquakes. Father O'Connell thinks it will be a very long time before anyone is actually able to forecast the movements of the earth.

China, so far unmentioned, was recently made by a Japanese seismologist that he predicted the earthquake in Japan in June. He has reported that by the use of a special instrument, he studied slight movements of the earth and discovered strain was building up. This, he said, told him the earth would eventually break above it and cause a severe earthquake in a certain area. He predicted the date of the "quake" to be the "24th June or thereabouts."

The earthquake which occurred in Japan on the 23th June is within a few miles of the district he is said to have mentioned.

The number of earthquakes recorded by Father O'Connell at Riverview in the first seven months of 1926, was extraordinarily low, and it is anticipated that 1926 will show the lowest earthquake average ever recorded on the seismograph.

Father O'Connell never receives visitors in the sea-and-land tunnel where the seismographs are erected. He enters it himself as infrequently as possible.

The tunnel has thick walls and roof to insulate it against changes of temperature, and passways are suspended from the walls to keep down vibration. But even the careful job-taking of a person in the vicinity of the pendulum or the gentle clanking of a door, will record a visible earth-

quake. Sensitivity grown off by the human body will also interfere with a seismograph.

Other local disturbances which cause direct vibration, affect the instruments, but distant explosions which do not come from below the surface of the earth are not recorded.

To the disappointment of newspaper reporters who waited eagerly for Father O'Connell's denoting while the Bikini atom bomb test were being made, the seismographs were not influenced by the terrific explosion. But depth charges dropped in Sydney Harbor to destroy Japanese submarines in 1943 traced a crazy pattern on the records. This was because of the nearness of the disturbance.

Father O'Connell has an established reputation as an astronomer as well as a seismologist. He studied astronomy at Harvard University in America and worked for several years with Dr. J. Voute in the Lick Observatory, Java. He has done considerable research in connection with variable stars, discovering and

logging many new ones, and creating a file of over 20,000 photographic plates showing the stars which he has completed.

The study of these stars has made valuable contribution to science in the measuring of the depths of space and in establishing light curves.

The work of Father O'Connell as an astronomer, resulted in his being chosen as one of the Australian delegates to the 1945 Conference of the International Astronomical Union, which was held in Zurich, Switzerland.

When Father O'Connell is not measuring and checking the 1200 feet of seismograms that come from his instruments each day, or peering for hours through his telescopes at variable stars, he is usually to be found in his workshop repairing his instruments or making special parts or pieces of apparatus required for his work.

There are few leisure hours for this busy man, who has dedicated his life to religion and to science.



The stuff looked like spinach but it had a funny smell . . .



TREASURE IN THE TRUNK

FOR more than 20 years, old Sam Snyder, prosperous lower East Side second-hand dealer, had one secret vice. It wasn't liquor, wasn't women, wasn't playing the ponies; the vice was an occasional car. He simply couldn't resist stolen motor cars of unclaimed property.

He had been stuck many times, but he had actually profited to any extent by his transactions. And his partner, Joe Gels, had shared him time and again for his financial losses to the firm. But Sam still was optimistic. "I'll hit the jackpot yet," he said.

Consequently, it was no surprise to Joe when, late in November 1934, Sam drove up in front of the store and carried inside a battered green trunk, of a cheap aeroplane type, bound with thin copper bands. He

had bought it at the annual Railway Express Agency "blind auction" in Jersey City.

Several efforts had been made by the agency to deliver the trunk to the consignee, one Joseph Oliver, at an address on Hewitt Pl., the Bronx. But no such person was known there and it was sold for storage charges.

The trunk had fascinated Sam. One corner had been split and from it emanated a faint odor of mothballs. Maybe it held valuable furs; maybe—well, who could guess? He hid it in his den.

Back at the store, while his partner watched scornfully, Sam broke the lock and lifted the lid. He removed the top layer of old newspapers. The odor of mothballs persisted as Sam lifted out six separately wrapped packages. The contents

were like dried spinach. Each took a sniff. The mysterious vegetation had a distinct aroma, not at all like that of the mothballs, but far more pleasant.

"Smells like some sort of drug," volunteered Gels. "Maybe it's dried opium. They make opium, morphine out of them."

"Let's take it over and ask Lucie—she's the drug store," Snyder said.

The pharmacist took a look and immediately recommended that the Federal Bureau Bureau be notified. Special Agent John Regan arrived an hour later. He took one dozen at the opened package, then ripped away the tops of several others. "It's marijuana," he announced. "I'll take it to our chemists to have it analyzed. You two better come along."

Analysis proved the 26 packages contained a high-grade quality of the narcotic, worth about \$200 a pound on the illicit drug market. There were 26 pounds of the stuff. The unsuspecting Snyder had bought \$26,000 worth of drugs he couldn't keep, and was out the \$9 he paid for the trunk. He was pretty glum.

Federal agents, however, were elated. For almost two years they had been trying to trace the source of New York's illicit marijuana traffic. They had made more than 200 arrests in New York and as far away as the West Coast, but always the leaders of the big narcotic ring had eluded them.

Now they had something to work on. Maybe they could trace the mysterious trunk back to the shipper. First they visited the Hewitt Place address, a rooming house with a big turnover of tenants.

The landlady remembered a "Mr. Oliver" who had moved away several weeks before the express agency had tried to deliver a trunk. He had left no forwarding address, so she had refused delivery.

The agents returned to Bureau Headquarters, gathered together all

the roving gallery photos of known drug peddlers in the files. One of them took them back to the Hewitt Place rooming house, to see if the landlady could identify any of them.

Others concentrated on express company records, which revealed that the shipment had been made from Cape Girardeau, Mo., a small city about half way between St. Louis and Memphis. It had been shipped by one "John Stanz" who was unknown to the express agent there.

Two Federal agents were stationed there to keep night and day watch to see if "Stanz" reappeared.

Meanwhile, Regan, back in New York, had had phenomenal luck. After the landlady had spent two whole days looking at police photos, she finally picked out one of Vincent Pellicci, many times arrested, never convicted, but reputed as a dope peddler. She recalled that "Mr. Oliver"—or Pellicci—walked with a distinct limp, that one of his legs appeared to be shorter than the other.

Regan quickly picked up Pellicci's trail. He appeared to be well supplied with money, was a natty dresser and lived in an expensive hotel. For more than a year he was followed, but nothing turned up to connect him to the dope racket.

But there was no shortage of marijuana in New York. Blackie Ventresca told "peaches," the elegant marijuana peddler from the west, at their den.

Other important developments in the marijuana trade interrupted Regan's investigation. The two agents in Cape Girardeau were finally withdrawn. Four more years passed, then a series of bloody "marijuana ransoms" in Harlem, plus a flood of the drug from the Midwest, sent Regan and several other agents back on Pellicci's trail. Then, suddenly, the two agents who had been assigned to watch the Cape Girardeau express station got a break.

On Dec. 1, 1934, a Ford truck

LIFE ON THE PARTY

Once has a shirt, and he'll be a ghost
And fling it away but the best
Of his life a clotheshouse, and he's got a sweater—
Doesn't he know he's a frightful man?
By tapping his feet, he'll be galloping horses
And running, plough through cement corners
He'll sing all about (repeat) Lyle,
And then for a change he'll be killing
He'll bark like a dog or sing like a fly
Doesn't he know he's really really silly?
He'll sound like a train at a merry ferry
He'll drink all the beer and most of the sherry
And just as he's being a larky Boy Scout
Narcosis will strike and he'll go off just out
And the rest of the party will break his five break—
For the life of the party has been its drink.

—W.G.D.

parked in front of the office. An attractive brunette, well-dressed, well-dressed, got out and asked assistance in carrying two small trunks into the office for shipment. One of the agents helped her.

The trunks were addressed to "Luzon Rito," at a New York address, and the consignor was the same. After receiving the trunks into the station, the special agent noted down the license number of the truck.

It was found to be owned by one Robert Williams, a farmer living near Chaffee, Mo., about 30 miles north of Cape Girardeau. Why, pondered the agent, would a farmer's truck be driven all that distance to make an express shipment when there was an express agency office in Chaffee?

The trunks were examined. Both were stuffed with five-pound packages of dried mushrooms. The trunks were carefully rechecked, sent on to their destination and the New York office notified to watch for their arrival.

The two agents hurried from Cape Girardeau to Chaffee to check on Robert Williams.

Four days later, Luzon Rito, 25, arrived in a beaver coat and driving a Chaffee sedan, called at the New York office of the express agency for the two trunks. A Federal agent who had already checked on her address told her that the two trunks had arrived and already were being delivered.

"Okay," she said. "I'll handle them as I'll be there when they arrive. I hope I don't wear them. They contain some evening dresses that I need."

After she had gone, the Federal men loaded the trunks on a regular Express Agency truck. They were delivered at the Express address.

The moment she had unred the trunks, Luzon Rito was arrested and taken, along with the incriminating evidence, to Narcotics Headquarters. She was held incommunicado while orders went out to arrest Robert Wil-

liams, the seemingly respectable Missouri farmer at Chaffee, and Vincent Pellico, who by this time had been identified as an inmate of Luzon Rito.

Williams, an ex-convict thief from California, was taken into custody. But Pellico, apparently worried by some sixth sense, had eluded the agents trailing him and fled. At this writing he still is missing.

Williams, it developed, was a brother of the pretty Luzon Rito. He and his wife Rito, had bought a small farm near Chaffee after serving his short prison term, and had gone into the marijuana production business.

He admitted that between the years 1929 and 1944, when he was arrested, he had grown enough marijuana to make more than a ton of respectable, agents said, for more than \$2,000,000.

All of the drug, he confessed, was hauled through his water and her

boy friend, Pellico. His wife, Rito, he said, was merely an innocent duped by the Government agents were not convinced. All four were indicted in the Southern District of New York, charged with violation of the Narcotics Act.

On June 11, 1946, Williams, his wife and sister all pleaded guilty before Federal Judge Francis G. Caffee. Williams was sentenced to three years in prison, his wife to three months and Luzon Rito to a two-and-a-half-year term.

But Pellico, alias Antonio Gregorio Pellico, Cajo and other manufactured names, the real head of the syndicate, still eludes the Federal agents in spite of his short lap. He is of Spanish extraction, about 50 years old, five feet four inches tall, weighs 175 pounds. He is of dark complexion, with black hair growing on the forehead and temples.

The Federal agents are sure someone will spot him some day.



NO FUTURE IN

RECORDS



Athletes get scholastic and the sport for sport's sake elements gone

MIL DELANY

ONLY a few thousand years after the athlete stopped measuring a man's athletic standard by his ability to drop a bronze-saurus with a slingshot at 40 paces, there lived a champion called Gurnaz of Lilledon—a Lilledon, it seems, of better than ordinary sporting prowess.

This Gurnaz was a high-jumper, and a very good one indeed, in fact, it is written into the annals that he was able to leap his own height, which was six feet, six inches. More, in performing this feat, he cleared his full war gear, weighing probably 50 pounds.

Where would this jump place Gurnaz in modern ratings? Well, in 1938 Cornelius Johnson, American negro, competing at the Games in Sweden and running alone, sailed over a bar set at 6ft 3ins. No war gear, too?

Now, Cornelius was jumping for honor, glory and a symbolic old grant with a garter beard; but Gurnaz had even greater motives behind him. For in those days—500 A.D.—it was a young old Scandinavian custom to set into the earth a row of spears in the distance to be jumped over.

So you can see that making the stride was a pretty important thing to Gurnaz. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that his record was one of the few records that have been truly worth while in the history of athletics.

And that brings me to the point, where in the modern mania for record-breaking getting out? What's getting the benefit of it all?

Science? Maybe; when Herb McKenley used over 640 yards in 452 seconds, a Dr. Custer, of the Illinois physical fitness research labora-

tory systematically pulled the West Endon to pieces to find that he had a heart that was 132 per cent bigger than the average. This discovery, and others made on other subjects over a period of 16 years, was important because of the fact that, provided a patient suffering from an under-sized heart could be reached before he attained maturity—that is, between 16 and 17 years—exercise can be prescribed to build up his heart which, after all, is just another muscle.

On the debit side of such research, however, far down the possibility of the world becoming peopled by race winners to conduct one another in record breaking.

And that means that sport will stop being played for sport's sake.

Among the other records I rate as being worthwhile is that of Moses, H. L. Hiltz and Leaven Roberts, two men who raced three-legged over 100 yards in 22 1/5 seconds, back in 1906, and that of Mr. Charles Lewis, of Mifflin, Massachusetts, who at a Fire Brigade picnic achieved the notable feat of picking up eight potatoes, spaced two yards apart, in 35 seconds.

I like these records because it's a pretty safe bet that when they'd been chalked up, the record-breakers gathered around a barrel and indulged in a little post-time singing with the boys. Nobody hated them for winning their events, and no politically-warded, but pointed notes passed between the athlete associations of rival nations.

Grab any authentic record-book, and glance down the Olympic Games list of records. Up to 1936, 22 tracks and field sports are tabulated, and of these you'll see that 13 records are held by the U.S.A., two by Japan and two by Germany.

The reason for American domination isn't hard to find. The Record compiled lists and sets your hats as you breathe the world is peculiarly an American institution—as much so that it be because a criterion for sporting

ability. Let a whisper be heard that a young fellow from Little Rock (Ark) is breaking even for the hundred over a milestone track and wearing Knickerbockers and Little Rock (Ark) will immediately be invaded by "scouts" from all the best colleges. Yale and Harvard excepted.

The kid gets a scholarship, for which he will be expected to water the potatoes each spring (these the term working his way through college) and to spend the running track at carefully-laid down hours.

If he fulfils expectations, he's announced to the Olympics—many months before the due date of the Games' commencement. If he goes to the Games and breaks a record, he goes home to conflict and ovation receptions. If he doesn't, it's Little Rock (Ark) and anonymity—both destinations he'll ultimately reach, anyway, when he begins his running boots. What has he to show for his record-breaking sport from a line in the books and a few years loss of learning? None, and the other damn boys who have been scolded on the altar of America's mania for winning.

Back now to that record book: in 1936, Karel Sosa made a new record for the Maresfield and Neato Tidens set a new distance for the hop step and jump. For Germany, Heinz Wiedlitz and Karl Hoon set new figures for the 16-ft shot put and 16-ft hammer throw respectively.

Behind all four successes was a story too removed from the field of sport. The records, indeed, were but symbols of Japanese determination to build a nation of heroes leg and strong enough to win a war, and Germany's fanatical belief that physical fitness inspired a more warlike mentality in its people.

In other words, both nations used sports as an adjunct to war. Back in the years when another two stripes—or what America that rank carried in those days—was stamping across Europe with the idea of guiding the

THE first Christmas cards were generally simple affairs, bearing only the printed season's greetings. "A Happy Christmas," and the autographed signature of the sender.

Then the Christmas card developed into a type of Valentine, with printed boasts, drawings of lovers, and sentimental scenes and scenes. Later came the scenes and the holly, the holly in the snow, the scenes through snow-laden avenues, and all the scenes familiar to us thirty years ago.

French cock of the walk, the Prussian army under Blucher got a belated belittling. From that defeat has arisen the Prussian conception of sport: the creation of a super race by physical means that would be capable of conquering the world.

It is an apt bit of irony that in 1871, a military defeat caused a Frenchman, Baron de Coubertin, to thank up the Olympic Games as a symbol of world-peace.

Take a look at the Olympic pre-1945 swimming season: seven are listed, and they're divided between Japan (four), U.S.A. (two), and Germany (one). Each—the same story of one nation suffering from a record-phobia, and the other two using sport as preparation for war.

There have been, of course, athletes who have broken records and still returned to have fun. Nick Winter, who set a new hop step and jump space in 1934, was one of them. But then Nick was a phenomenal athlete; athlete who, in spite of the fact that he rarely trained seriously, might just as easily have been a champion in half a dozen other phases of sport.

I recall, too, having lunch with

Morris Coombs a few weeks before he left for the Games. It was quite a lunch, even for a growned boy; in fact, Morris ate enough for three lanky lumber-critters. Then he decided it was time he left to keep an appointment.

Where, I asked him, was the appointment? It turned out that he had about 15 minutes to get down to the track for training. Nothing strenuous—maybe a couple of hundred yard dashes against the clock.

I would have liked to have seen Coombs break the 400 meters Games record because, very definitely, he wasn't an athletic convert. In other words, he stood apart for sport's sake, as most Australian athletes do.

To turn to another section of sport, I've an idea that the years between 1930 and 1960 will become known to future cricket historians as the "Bradman Era"—a period of big scoring and record breaking, schizophrenia, and much as I admire the Don, those 30 years will always look far too the pleasure of the times of the lower batsmen when record-breaking wasn't such an important feature of the game.

It was indirectly because of Bradman that "bodyline" bowling was introduced. The record breaker had to be stopped and—

"That big theory was born at Kensington Oval in August, 1930, unknown to anybody but myself. A spot of rain had fallen. The ball was 'jopping'. My great friend the late Archie Jackson stood up to tea, getting picked once or twice in the process, and he never dashed.

"With Bradman, it was different. It was because of that difference that I determined, then and there, that if I was again honored with an invitation to go to Australia, I would not forget the difference."

So wrote Harold Larwood in his book "Body-line". And on January 18, 1930, the Australian Board of Control sent to the M.C.C., a cable

saying "This (body-line) is a serious and extremely better feeling between the players, as well as inquiry. In our opinion, it is unsportsmanlike."

The M.C.C. promptly replied: "... We deplore your opinion that there has been unsportsmanlike play. We have the fullest confidence in captain, team, and management, and are convinced that they would do nothing to influence either the laws of cricket, or the spirit of the game. If the situation is such as to jeopardize the good relations between English and Australian cricketers, and you con-

sider it desirable to suspend remainder of programme we would consent, but with great reluctance."

It took three more cables to convince the M.C.C. that the Englishmen would get out of the country alive.

And all that became a man had entered cricket who had a record-conscious mind.

So let's stop breaking records and get down to playing sport.

By the way, does anyone know which nation has built the biggest steam horn at the shortest time?



He loved his country but he was a prophet neglected at home

7 LEISURE



DID Britain in passing over the inventions of Grindell Matthews neglect a message that would have protected her cities from the Luftwaffe during the last war?

It is not far-fetched to say that this could be the case, for Grindell Matthews was a man touched with the same genius as Thomas Edison. A pioneer of the radio-telephone, talking pictures, robot-controlled ships, rocket-warfare, a believer in interplanetary travel by rocket planes, he achieved world-wide notoriety as the inventor of a death-ray. Thus he connected between two world wars.

It is well known that Moscow was so well protected during the war that the Germans gave up attacking it, because losses of aircraft were disproportionate to the results achieved. It is also well known that Moscow follows inventions in other countries with the closest scrutiny, and develops promising ideas. Possibly a prophet

neglected at home was honoured abroad by the practical application of his ideas.

G.M., as he was widely known, was not interested in money. His minor inventions would have made millions of lesser men. A patriot and an anti-fascist in the days when many people thought they could make money by dealing with Hitler, G.M., when in acute financial distress refused fabulous offers for his death-ray from the French Government, even though he was on very friendly terms with the French. He said in the mid-1930's that the French were hesitant and divided, and would quickly go down before the Germans. He feared that the Nazis would obtain his inventions and turn them against Britain. He even rejected offers from Goebbels to use his inventions for outright publicity purposes.

In 1947 and 1950, when the shadow of war darkened, savings from all over

Europe poured at G.M.'s mountain acre in the Myrddynswydd mountains near Swansea, Wales, and propounded schemes to keep Hitler at bay. But G.M.'s attitude was always the same. If his gag-headed, conservative, visionless countryman did not want his inventions they would not be sold to foreign countries, because they might be used against Britain.

Even on March 17, 1938, Henry Grindell Matthews gave only promise of his genius when a boy, by ringing a bell across a pond by means of wireless, he was appreciated to an electrical firm, receiving a practical instruction that enabled him to translate into actuality the inventions of his earlier mind. Twice wounded in the First War, he accepted an invitation from Lord de la Warr to become consultant engineer on his estate. He first became prominent in 1905, when he invented the telephone, a form of wireless telephony, by means of which messages could be heard over a distance of seven miles.

In 1913 the "Western Mail" scored a journalistic triumph by printing the first message ever transmitted by wireless telephone, the message having been sent from Newport to Cardiff—a distance of about 12 miles—by means of G.M.'s apparatus. In the same year the Royal family, Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary of State for War saw G.M.'s wireless telephone system demonstrated and were impressed by it. Then came the first of the many reverses G.M. was to experience from home-based bureaucrats and businessmen who could see no further than their noses.

The P.M.G.'s department refused the inventor permission to conduct trans-channel broadcasts although the efficiency of his invention had been demonstrated, and the French Government was willing to grant permission.

The first world war broke out, and the P.M.G.'s department dismantled

G.M.'s apparatus. After two years of protracted negotiation, he was allowed to get it back. It was completely ruined by damage. The war provided the opportunity for intensive research in America, and when peace came G.M. found the radio telephone field overcrowded, so he dropped that work.

During the war G.M. invented Dorn, a boat fitted with a telephone coil, which was controlled by an invisible beam of light. He demonstrated it before Britain's top military and naval leaders, and so impressed them that he was given an immediate grant of £25,000, with a proviso he was to receive further sums until the amount of £125,000 was reached. Apparently no use was made in the war of this remarkable invention.

G.M. invented an apparatus for exploding mines at a distance, when U-boats were sinking British shipping so quickly there was danger that Britain would be starved. It was considered that the cure of the problem was the electronic dispatch from the submarine's sub-surface station. He had some success, but was badly handicapped by lack of assistance from the Admiralty. The commander of the vessel on which G.M. was working thought about his wife, thereby cluttering up the small craft. G.M. offered the lady a gold dressmaker if she would leave, but she refused to do so.

G.M. then turned his attention to the problem of sound films. There is no doubt that he had perfected his apparatus for making sound films in Britain in 1921.

The famous American inventor, Dr. Lee de Forest, in March, 1923, acknowledged that G.M. had brought to perfection the camera which photographed sound and sound record together. He added, "This gave to the world for the first time the process in which sound and picture could not help being synchronous."

Matthews' Creophone was used in America to put sound on the first

A HAPPY NEW YEAR THOUGHT

I am ring out the old and ring in the new
 (I think my drink was witch's brew)
 I've stored my voice in Auld Lang Syne—
 Has someone a hand in exchange for mine?
 At twelve I'd forgive someone plenty
 At one I'd make another twenty
 I watched my loved one phlebotomize
 What's good for the goose is bad for the gander
 Is the dog house now I'm made to beguile—
 Is anyone suffering winter anguish?
 Speak not to me of goodwill toward
 I'll ring no songs for twelve more months
 Though all celebrative days are cursed
 The last of the year is for the worst.

—WGD

Mickey Mouse film. But he received a very cold haircut from British film magnates, who threw away a chance to beat Hollywood in the production of talking pictures. British film magnates told G.M. that the public did not want talking films.

Then came the invention which was to become a world-wide attention grabber—the Death Ray. Up to the day of his death, Matthews believed implicitly in it. He first came to experiment with a machine he found that scrapmetal had been forced to land near a large radio station in Germany. After months of experimental work he was able to explode grapefruit, light a lamp and kill vermin at a distance of 44 feet. Using a tremendous volume of electricity, he stopped a motor cycle engine at the same distance. His discovery leaked out when reporters were sent to interview powerful scientists about the proceeding of plants near the German radio station.

G.M.'s reputation was enough to

show there were some hints to his ray. Journalists allowed their imaginations to run riot, the American reports being most sensational. They said that G.M. had produced a ray of destiny and destruction, that he was able to control armies and cause earthquakes to crumple and fall from the sky.

G.M. was followed by pressmen everywhere he went. He did not state his invention was a Death Ray—the term was popularized by the press. All that he said was that if he had succeeded, he might be done with it in the future. He declared in 1930 that Germany would wage war again, and that if he succeeded with the ray, England would be safe.

So much public interest was aroused that the Air Ministry asked G.M. to arrange for a test. The inventor had been successful with his ray only in the laboratory, but he did not wish to miss the opportunity, and claimed he told the Ministry that in its stage of development his ray would not

destroy a tank. When he learned that the Air Ministry had rigged up a motor cycle with its engine enclosed in a tank for the test, he cancelled the arrangements and left for France.

It is interesting to contrast the treatment Britain gave to this man, whose inventive genius had previously been recognized by the Government, with that America accorded Professor Einstein when he wrote his memorable letter to President Roosevelt informing it was possible to make an entirely new weapon—the atomic bomb. G.M. could show more positive proof of his invention than Professor Einstein could of the possibility of the atomic bomb. The brass hats of the Air Ministry sought to expose impossible conditions, under which Matthews had stated his invention would not work. America expressed the top admiration of the world and encouraged itself to unlimited experimentation.

The press was more amiable to the scientist than the brass hats. The London "Daily Mail" wrote:

"A very grave mistake has been made by the British Imperial Staff in not thoroughly investigating Mr. Gaudin Matthews' invention. As to the value of the Death Ray we have the evidence of Admiral Mark Kerr, who as a former deputy chief of the staff knows what he is talking about. He has no doubt the ray is a very real and terrible thing. . . ."

Following the failure of Britain to give the inventor money and facilities, France offered G.M. a fabulous sum for his death ray as it stood, but a pointed threat and through, he would not sell to a foreign Government, even though it was so silly. He thought France would not be able to resist Germany, and feared his invention might be turned against Belgium.

Admiral Mark Kerr toured the country soliciting support for the Death Ray. After the inventor's death he wrote that if G.M. had been

intended to Britain would have paid a long way ahead of other nations.

G.M. himself said, "The propagation of energy through space without the use of wires has long been a dream of scientists and inventors. The great Sir Nikola Tesla, produced this many years ago. Now, however, electric energy can be transmitted across distances without the use of wires, cables, pipes, tubing or any other visible means of support for the current projected. Not only that, but current powerful enough to destroy life, machinery, or any ordinary material will soon be controlled from the lines of operation, and directed at will against an enemy attack, such as the same attack might spray with gasoline gas fire, or as a man might spray a stream of water against a bed of plants."

G.M. said he was inspired by Tesla's conception of a field of electric power constant in the higher atmosphere, which could be tapped at any time or place. While experimenting that his work was experimental, he thought his ray could be developed to stop enemies at 5 to 8 miles. He said that great power would be needed to develop his invention, which would make it a national and not an individual business.

With no prospect of the financial aid necessary to develop his discovery, G.M. was forced to accept an offer of an American film company, to make a moving picture on the Death Ray, and left for the United States. In America the inventor was given a royal reception. He worked for three years for Warner Bros., producers of the first talking film, "The Jazz Singer," and became prosperous. A stridently handsome man with a tremendous presence, he was often mistaken for a movie star.

G.M.'s restless brain then became engrossed with a new problem—that of projecting electric beams on the sky. An American banker told him to equilibrate his billion dollar idea.

ENTOMES are usually kindly souls, but are nevertheless occasionally unable to resist the temptation to "break down" an troublesome counterpart.

Having nothing concerning a story she had sent to a magazine, a woman wrote an indignant letter asking the editor kindly to read and publish the story immediately or return it as she had other loans in the fire. The script came back at once with a note "I have read your story and advise you to put it with the other work."

and he crossed the Atlantic to London, where others again rallied him. He went to Wehrum, Germany, home of the Benetton Leisure company and enlisted the aid of Dr. Ernst Lents. The next day the two men averaged the necessary apparatus, the necessary clouds appeared in the evening, and the gigantic letters K and L—the initials of the erstwhile German low manufacturers, were projected against the sky. He could throw smoke in black and white or colour up to 15,000 feet and the dimensions of the picture was one tenth of the distance thrown. He demonstrated his invention to millions in America and the "New York Times" ran the story of his invention across its front page. He projected sky pictures to millions in England using a 500,000,000 candle-power lamp. An anti-Fascist, G.M. refused to project the picture of Hitler against Toronto clouds as suggested by Dr. Goebbels. His invention perfected, G.M. had a vast fortune in his grasp from adventures throughout the world, but, deterred by the idea that Germany would again wage war and batter England from the air, he turned his mind to nothing.

a means of seeking air raids in case that they would become inescapable. He flew to Germany and studied the Opel rocket-propelled car. The aircraft planned by means of rockets to spread incendiaries in the air at heights up to 30,000 feet. His invention took the form of a torpedo fired from the ground on the rocket principle. This torpedo was charged with incendiary rockets, such as which had a length of a high tensile steel with a parachute on one end and a bomb on the other. These steel cases could cut planes to pieces. The present rocket could be made to explode at any level, and its range was so tremendous that planes could not escape by flying high. If the bombs reached the ground they were rendered harmless by a single device, could be collected, and used again. It was as early as 1934 that G.M. first put his rocket defense plan before the British Government, but even then he was cold-shouldered. G.M.'s described him as a searanger. G.M. reported that there were 300 gaily men at Westminster, who were leading the assembly unprepared this war.

During 1958 G.M. received much support from leading armors who said they would be prone to fly through orthodox anti-aircraft weapons, but not through his aerial minefield. G.M. did not have much faith in the balloon barrage because he contended that these balloons could be shot down, and events proved him right. The inventor believed strongly in rockets for all purposes—rockets to protect cities with minefields and rockets to provide places to travel in the atmosphere.

He was a member of the Interplanetary society, which was formed to discuss the possibility of travel to the planets, and his genius was recognized by many of the brilliant scientists who were members of this body.

The shadows of war were deepening over Egypt. A German scientist

and Bender who had been in touch with G.M. on racketeering and disapproved a victim of the Gestapo. In 1939 G.M. visited around England, trying to develop interest in his socialist ideal. But those in power were not interested. The World War was imminent to explode and from a distance of five miles would have been invisible to the French when the Nazis broke through and were able to advance over unfortified regions, but it was not used.

Colin New Matthews died on Sep-

October 22, 1944, disappointed that his inventive genius had not been used to protect the country he loved so well. The blast of the Luftwaffe's bombs on English cities for years to come was to provide a delirious lament that his ideas had not been noted on. He took many of his secrets to the grave, true to his lifelong principle that if Britain did not want his inventions there must be no risk of their being turned against his native land. He was indeed a man who kept his promises.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST





WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF BEAUTY

"Beauty provetheth thieves sooner than gold."

Shakespeare, As You Like It

"Beauty's of a fading nature—
Has a season, and is gone."

Robert Burns, Will You Go and Marry Katie?

Beauty is Truth, truth Beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

Keats, Ode to a Grecian Urn

Beauty, when most uncloth'd is clothed best.

Phineas Fletcher, Sicelides

Beauty is but a flower
Which withlike will decays.

Thomas Nash, Summer's Last Will and Testament

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass, that's broken presently

Shakespeare, The Passionate Pilgrim

Neglected beauty perisheth apace

Herrick, Responder

"Beauty to no complexion is sought
Is of all colours, and by none desired."

Granville, The Progress of Beauty

"Beauty has woe, and too hastily flies,
And love unwarded soon sickens and dies"

Moore, Song

"Beauty is but skin deep."

Old Proverb

"Her beauty and her brain go not together she's a good sign, but I have
seen small reflection of her wit."

Shakespeare, Cymbeline

★ *Mother Vickers*, of Warner Bros.' Pictures, is in the mood
for wishful thinking—a mood we fully understand.





A SINGLE SURVIVOR

ON Saturday, the 23rd August, 1937, the newsmen worked overtime. By adding their "Sydney Morning Herald's" word add on, but on how later a second edition came out from the news-special one page corner edged with black. It was the paper's essential duty to confirm the wreck of the "Dunbar."

Antonia Wolke spent the morning on South Head watching with a thousand others a tragic trail of wreckage sweeping on to the rocks below. Each wave flung up its offering—bars and stuns, ironless boiler and the proud stern of personal belongings.

Suddenly Antonia turned to the crowd:

"You're going down—there may be someone alive."

Before they could stop him, he scrambled over the edge and swung himself down. He scanned the cliff's face.

"There's someone!" he shouted back. Carefully he crawled towards the blue headland, working slowly from a ledge farther on.

Jason Johnson had been waving for nearly two days—to the fishermen passing below, to the ships entering the Heads. He had called pitifully to the crowds he knew were above, but his cries were lost in the noise of the sea.

Now that a survivor had been found the wreckage would be identified and the grim story told.

Out from Mosley Bay a sudden night squall caught the ship and turned her towards the rocks. The

crew strained to keep her off but with a violent squall she plunged out of control. As the timber cracked, cargo and passengers were washed off the deck to disaster helplessly in the dark sea.

Johnson was one of the crew. When the deck sloped under him he clung to the mast head till it too, swamped and joined the wreckage. But Johnson still clung on.

The stiff rollers was menacing in the darkness and all night he waited for the final crash against the rocks. But by dawn's march he was lifted clear of danger and swung on to a ledge. Weak and exhausted he crawled higher up and waited for the light.

Next morning he watched the robes of a Dunbar sweeping past. Sydney watched too. In the reaches of Middle Harbour dead stock washed on to the beaches; clothes and children's toys caught in the harbour bars. Anxiety ran at fever pitch as paper conjectured and false reports came in.

But in that special edition the "Herald" began the truth—a truth that grew more pathetic as news was added to the numbers drowned and the passenger list arrived from England.

In another week aided columns number later, the "Herald" finished the story. "In memory of the following who lost their lives on the Dunbar the 23rd August, 1937," and the chambered larks were collected at last, to become the men, women and children in the list that followed.





IF THERE'S GOING TO BE a fight the audience want a good one; shadow punching seems to spare the star's handsome features just won't do. A film like Universal's "Canyon Passage" gave them what they wanted and got by the censors because it had sensa but gave no offense.



WARNER BROS. "THE BIG SLEEP" hit a grim note of sophisticated toughness in scenes like this. A dropped cigarette can look as menacing in a crook as the hidden punch in the previous picture. Censors don't check imagination; and the audience knows the meaning of a look like this even though the actual behavior might be not.

A CAVALCADE PICTURE STORY

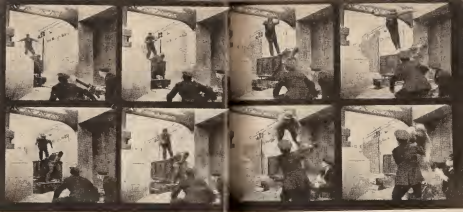
Some like it **TOUGH**

EVER SINCE HOMER's electric days there has been a wide audience for tough entertainment. Film censors have a hard job deciding what's healthy for the masses when they watch what like the ones on these pages.

Stragglers pass muster when the screen stops here—the next stage is considered too gruesome for the public and is axed. People will tell you that after such films they still sleep soundly at night. The lady being gently handled here probably suffered more than any of the millions who saw the film—R.K.O.'s "Return of the Bad Men".

38 CAVALCADE, November, 1935

CAVALCADE, November, 1935 39

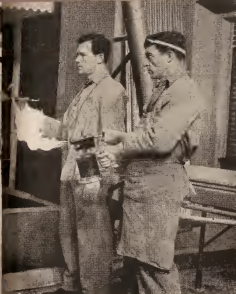


STRIP ON THESE PAGES was taken from Mark Hellinger's "Brute Force"—a highlighted moment when a convict attempts a prison break. A convict steel pigeon has been tied to a runway cart as a shield while a second convict makes an attempt to wipe out a prison guard machine-gun nest. Each film affect audiences more than Western or gangster pictures because of their strong implication that this is real—they create an atmosphere of authenticity with the fact that they are showing what goes on behind scenes. Censors passed these shots in "Brute Force" because actual death scenes weren't shown. It is no easier for the censor to decide what he will pass than for the producer to make up his mind what scenes he will shoot. The line between realism and horror is a thin one and must vary with the ideas and tastes of individuals who see the picture. It is significant that audiences practically never complain about horror in films—even the "Kong Kong" type of space-shiller attracts a very large and apparently appreciative audience. People who live monotonous and boring lives, drawn to routine, get an "escape" thrill from an interest different from the every day scene.

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD SEE in a permanent handbook is consistent with their grading of films. These "Brute Force" shots are definitely not for general exhibition, though many children accompanied by parents see them. Child audiences are often more critical of such scenes than are adults. Children react heartily at "unrealistic" situations, superman heroes, and battles who don't get the part. The Saturday morning melodrama talked for children is usually the third-packed serial episode in which most triumphs in the end. The experts worry about children mistaking the things seen in these films, but worry even more about adults copying film techniques. It has been observed that children don't attempt the impossible, make a piece of wood do for a "gun", and get their enjoyment out of cleverly worked after their own particular "bookies", making a note of what they have seen. Adult audiences may imitate easily influenced, work-oriented or criminal types, who actually practice the techniques of torture and crime they see in the films. Censor doesn't read people getting a thrill, but is always on the watch for any sequence that might give new ideas to criminals.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "BEUTE FORCE". Workers here are forcing their "mate" back with blow torches into a grided press that will act effectively as a broadbased guffatine. "Beute Force" had many scenes as given as this. Audiences knew what to expect and they didn't balk at a few tense moments.



The camera didn't read the blow torches in this shot but drew a blank over the actual killing scene. Audiences can be sufficiently thrilled by such scenes without the morbid detail. It's the job of the Johnson Office to recognize the fact the thrill can go without detracting from the excitement.



IT STARTED

this way



1. In Troy, New York State, Albert Anderson had a no contract to load stores for the American army in the U.S. war against Britain. Before delivery the crates were checked over by Government inspectors and the letters EA-UG (Elihu Anderson—United States) stamped across each one.

One postal inspector was nicknamed Uncle Sam by the workmen who figured jokingly that if EA stood for Elihu Anderson, then by rights UG should stand for Uncle Sam. When the man joined the army they brought the joke with them and Uncle Sam has represented the United States of America ever since.

2. In Lombardy (Italy) the Medici family was well-known for their skill in the medical profession. For generations their coat of arms had been three golden balls representing gilded pills to reach their interest in medicines.

As time went by, the Medici sons left home. Some went to London and began business as money lenders. But they still retained their coat of arms and hung three balls outside their shops. Other moneylenders copied the sign and soon it became the symbol of those who lent money on borrowing pledges.



3. In 1820 while the French Revolution was shattering the peace of Europe, Martin Klaproth, a German chemist, was working away quietly in his laboratory. Slowly and carefully he was extracting from pitchblende a yellow substance which he thought was the oxide of a new metal.

To honor a fellow scientist who had just discovered the planet Uranus he named the new substance Uranium. And so began a chain of scientific discovery that was to lead to the atom bomb and events more shattering than the French Revolution.

4. The excavations had yielded the usual finds—weapons and ornaments. Suddenly the archaeologists laid down excitedly and picked up the five stone disks stamped across by time. They placed them together and laid over to study the row of pictures. Each picture was slightly different from the one before. Pposed equally before the eye they gave a crude impression of movement.

Walt Disney's prototype evidently excited thousands of years ago when an Egyptian artist delighted the first patrons of the cinema with action shots around the Pyramids.



CENSORS have a tough job cutting a scene like this. Throats are likely to meet unfavorably to the bottle as getting slices into James's head.

In the original script the bottle was broken and became a dangerous weapon—but audience didn't see the broken bottle in action. That would have been too much horror—without any justification at all.

For a moment he knew how it felt to be an animal—and trapped



Two in a Trap

THE man with the camera suddenly sighted the black bear ahead on the forest path. Before he could focus his instrument, the animal caught a whiff of the devoted humanist and went swiftly down a nearby ravine. Eagerly the man ran forward, reaching the edge of the slope just in time to see the shaggy brute step into a large bear-trap which had been hidden there.

Gleefully the man pointed his

camera while the bear yowled and squealed madly fighting the rusty contraption which had robbed it of freedom. The man took pictures after pictures, recording the animal's pain-wrenched rage.

"I'll get a close-up. That trap makes it perfectly safe."

He scrambled down the narrow pathway towards the bear. Instantly the beast became quiet, small pig-eyes glowing red with hate as it



watched the man approach. With camera leveled, he took another step closer to better focus the picture. And at that instant the path exploded under his feet, a second concealed bear-trap springing into action. Its powerful jaws snapped shut on the man's leg.

He screamed in agony. He clawed at the infernal device, bruising his flesh in a furious, cursing assault on the ingenuitous steel. Then he be-

came horribly sick, retching again and again.

When the sprang passed, the man's eyes slowly became once more. He fumbled in a pocket for a cigarette, and had to use both hands to steady his lighter-flame.

This time he did not smile as he watched the bear's backward stride. The best kept shuck the trapped front-paw, rattling the heavy chain. The drag-link attached to the chain had become wedged between two logs so now the animal was anchored to the spot.

The man turned back to his own problem. The trap was a bore after, two strong hinges of spring-steel supporting the arched jaws and holding them tightly together. The paw flange were toothed; three of the iron flange deeply imbedded in his flesh. He used a pen-knife to cut away the joint leg and expose the wound.

"No broken bones—the calf muscles took most of the punishment. Looks like Lord, that bear!"

The man dashed his smoker, grinning with pain as he stood up. He placed his first foot on one of the spring flanges, which yielded slightly when he applied all his weight. But the supporting spring on the other side of the trap was not affected, so that was no slackening of the grip on the imprisoned leg.

The fellow who had set this trap had known the strength of a four hundred pound bear, hence had used six-inch spikes to secure the chain to the drag-link. The timber itself weighed well over a hundred pounds, utterly impossible for the man to drag it, undisrupted as he was with one leg useless in the trap.

The bear, thirty feet away, showed teeth in a warning growl.

"I'll bet you blame me for this mess. Wouldn't give much for my chance, if you ever got loose."

He'd no sooner said this when he came

saw that the animal was held by only three punched, claw-fangs. Fearfully the man glanced around, scurrying himself to reach for a stout stick.

"This makes me feel safer!"

The bear stopped growling, shaking the trapped paw again. The man returned to his own worries—his leg was throbbing with each heart beat, a stinging stinging pain.

"Maybe I could use this stick as a lever."

He placed the pole across one of the trap springs, endeavoring a fresh machine of leverage as he stood up again and applied his free hand to the stick-end. The combination of his weight and the lever principle made the spring yield a full inch, but the tension on the trapped leg did not alter as the best the animal spring still held the paw tight.

Again he tested. The grating sounds of burning flesh drew his glance to the bear. Blood oozed as the animal started shivering as the smallest of the three legs held in the steel vice. The man cried out in horror. At that the bear eyed him and moved. Then the bear got a firmer hold with its teeth and jerked off the first small pod of imprisoned flesh.

"It's going to get loose!" the man whistled. "And when it does—"

He shuddered, terrified by the thought of the animal's weighty fury.

On the other hand, if the bear did not tell him, he had to consider the possibility of a much slower form of death.

"Oh, no! Tom and the guide'll be back in two days!"

Well... It would be evening when they reached camp, so they wouldn't start hunting for him until the morning of the third day. Half a dozen paws rattled down the camp; it was hardly probable that they'd be on the proper trail first thing. Likely they'd follow the path leading to the lake and croak on the theory that he'd gone fishing. Suppose they didn't.

He came along this path until the

search at this day? Five days! A man could last that long without food and water, but what about the pain-eating leg?

That—The bear had just covered its second claw-finger, peering to look at the two raw stumps.

"I'll be free any minute now!"

No one could blame the animal for being nervous with all its nerves hurt. The man himself cursed the unknown trapper who had caused this horror. By the side back of the narrow bear-trail, the trap had been set during the previous autumn and completely forgotten since.

Fortunately, the man searched his pockets seeking a weapon as the bear started to show on the third and largest of its trap-bait members.

"My only weapon—a pen-knife with a two inch blade!"

Opening the knife, a new thought came and he raised the blade in flick-flick across the narrow neck-loop at one of the trap springs. But the tempered spring was nearly as hard as the knife metal.

"Damn!" he muttered, then clutched the knife tighter as he saw that the bear's teeth were almost finished.

"Maybe I've time for one last snarl!"

As he raised his lighter, the dry

flame sparked an idea to him.

"A fire! A small one about a foot!"

Ignoring pain, the man showed frantically at the nearest leaves and logs. He leaped them on the rocky path, holding the lighter against the dry slender. It was almost too late, but the leaves ignited and the eyes started, creaking just as the bear cut through the last screw of skin and flesh and bone. Without a glance at the horror, the animal went leaping down the ravine, bounding as fast as its mutilated paw would allow.

"Whewewew!"

The man groined off the last-screw, his eyes grateful as he watched the bear go out of sight.

His cigarette had gone out, so he

leaped towards the fire for a light. Suddenly his eyes narrowed in speculation. He hunk up the fire, looking at carefully until the coils were glowing hot. Then he sought to swing the trap close to the heat, every move of the suspended leg an agony. He was sick now more the first heat and the physical suffering overcame him. But he tried again, finally heaving the outer end of the trap spring forward until it rested against the best-kept coils. He sheltered his flesh from the heat by using a flat stone as shield, drawing a continuous application of cool earth on his leg.

Five long minutes later the spring was dull red. He placed it on a stone, nervously himself to endure the jolting pain as he hammered steadily on the red metal. The heated blood from his own lips, but at last the spring slowly collapsed under the onslaught.

For a long time he rested, shivering with cold and exhaustion. When he had gathered strength the animal was expected, the second spring subjected to the same process. At last the jaws slackened. Promptly he closed them apart and freed his leg from the tight denials. His hands gripped him for a moment, then he lay still, resting.

"There's a flat and hot in camp," he remembered.

He secured a suitable crutch-stick, then passed a moment before leaving the fatal spot. His camera was still lying where it had fallen when he became trapped; he retrieved it and checked his pockets, making sure of pen-knife and lighter. He gave the bloodstained trap a final glance.

"No longer an animal—just a man again!"

On sudden impulse, he set his swollen fingers to open the camera and plunked out the film. He held the lighter flame to the celluloid, a lancing blaze, then it was gone.

The man felt better, a grim smile warmed his face as he hobbled slowly but eagerly along the path that led to camp.



SLOW RIVER BRIDGE

THE cottage stood along the left side of the road that ran down to the old wooden bridge that spanned the dry river. Behind the cottage were three weeping trees, crowded around the well. Down on the river bed, under the bridge, were five mossy waterfalls. These had dried in the years since the river had run dry. Their roots drank from the pool their

water shaded. The cottage was Kylie's home, but the pool was her own.

One morning she went with her father to the bridge. They stood on the first of the heavy beams that made the floor of the structure. The father kicked the planks with his boot, and they rattled when he did this.

"The old bridge," he said to Kylie.



Then the shot came from the top of the bridge and Logan was falling.

"She won't stand up much longer. Then they'll come along and build a steel one, and then what will I do?" He answered his own question, "Well, I reckon a steel bridge will need paint to keep it from rusting. I'm just as handy with a paint brush as I am with any other tool."

"That means we stay here for ever," Kylie said.

"There are worse places, girl."

"I'd like to see them and make sure."

Her father said, "I've seen them. You can take my word. No man got about the country more than I did, and found less." He moved his arm to include the landings. "You think

★ DAN MURRAY

He held her with a strong cord, but the cord broke at last

this is ugly? It looks ugly, doesn't it all dry and dead? And it seems lonely. Believe me, it's less ugly than people see, and you can be more lonely in a crowd."

His voice increased in intensity. "Girl, I've seen the people of the world, and there is no good in them. Some are thieves—and they're the best of them. There are liars and hypocrites and murderers, there are men—yes, and women, too—you trust, and the day comes when you know your trust is misplaced."

His eyes glowed as he spoke. His fingers were clenched, there was a hatred in his voice that made Kylie shrink away. She wondered what had happened in her father's life to make him feel this way, but she asked no questions. Questions, she knew, would be useless. They would only stir him to greater vehemence.

She knew, too, that he loved her—probably because she was the only person in whom he held faith. She watched him steadily, until his body relaxed, and the hate went from his eyes. He put out a hand and grasped her arm softly.

"I think I'll go down to the river," Kylie said. She turned away from him, and then passed, and said, "You think you're challenging me. But I have my own eyes. They might see what your eyes missed."

Her father kicked the plank under his feet. "Ah, Kylie," he said, "I'd be lonely too without you."

Kylie walked around the station and began her descent of the river bank. She held, and her hands caught tufts of dried grass, and the tufts came away from the dusty soil. Everything here was dead. Only at the ends did she find life again.

The trees around the pool were dwarfed waterlilies. They had grown to

LEGENDS about elephants—how they wander off to a mysterious graveyard in the heart of Africa for the explorer who finds the graveyards. These tales are legends. Mayor J. F. Cummings, District Commissioner, Bar, shot an elephant, one of a herd. As it was late Mayor Cummings decided to return in the morning for the trunk. When he arrived on the spot the next day there was no sign of the dead elephant—but the earth had been disturbed. On investigation it was found that the elephant had been buried beneath 15 inches of soil. The other members of the herd, which gathered when the soil was fixed, had returned and dug a "grave" with their trunks.

small stones and then, like willows, had turned back to the water that sustained them. Their foliage was a solid screen against the sun.

Kylie sat in the shade and took off her sandals and let her feet rest in the clear water. All was still around her, but overhead her father had begun to work with the axe. The bridge was a mounding-beard that made the light axe strokes sound like a whole brigade of axes.

Then Kylie heard the water say, "What the sweet blues is that! Woodpeckers! Lord, I've been waken by jackasses, rattlers, crows, just about every bird in the country. But this is the first time I've ever been waken by woodpeckers."

Kylie stayed as still as the pool water. She heard her sigh and give out the kind of groan a man makes when he is striking his arm. Then he yawned. Then he started to sing.

Kylie had never heard singing like that from a man. Her own father followed in the wakeways. She had heard drunken singing from cars that crossed the bridge and went up the road at night, going from Broke ten miles away to King ten miles the other side. She had never heard a young man's voice sing a young man's song. The words concerned a quiet road which she felt with the anger. The cadences of the song

stirred her emotions, waking them, like a hand dugged and moved around in the pool.

The song stopped and Kylie's heart stopped with it.

"Lord, it's a great day," the voice said to itself. "The sun up there shining, the woodpeckers pecking, and me lying down here with an empty stomach and an empty heart, too lazy to get up, too young to die, too damn lazy to live."

She heard him rise and stamp the ground with his feet. She wanted to run away, but knew she never would.

"Ah well," he said, shaking again, "it could be a whole lot worse."

He came through the screen of trees was surprised to see Kylie, smiled at her and said, "Good morning!" and continued on down to the pool. He wore heavy boots and khaki trousers, and the rest of him was bare. Muscles stood defined under the golden skin. He filled the sun he carried, and bowed forward and poured water over his back and arms, filled his hands with water and splashed it against his face, rubbed water into the blonde hair.

Standing there using the towel, he said, "That your husband working up there on the bridge?"

"My father," "Woodpeckers," he said.

Kylie laughed with him.

He finished with the towel and spread it on one of the trees, and started to make a cigarette. He was taller than the engineer tower and stood gleaming in the sun.

"Yes, it could be a whole lot worse," he said. "You live up on the dirt, do you? I saw your light there last night."

Kylie said, "I've never heard anyone sing like that."

"A girl like you should have, many times."

"Am you going to camp here?" "I might stay a few days."

"I came here every day."

"A good habit," he said. "Don't lose it."

Kylie put on her sandals. She stood, and went to him. He held her very lightly. When he kissed her, he kissed her gently.

"What's your name?"

"Kylie."

"Ten Bill."

"That's a good name. Bill."

"If you come tonight," he said, "I'll have some songs ready for you. Open your'll like."

Kylie went back up the bank to the road. A car came over the bridge. In the car were her father and another man. The car turned off the road this side of the bridge. Her father and the other man got out of the car and stood talking. Her father saw Kylie and walked to her and she went over.

"My daughter, Kylie," her father said. "This is Mr. Logan, the engineer." Logan shook hands with Kylie.

Her father said, "They're going to tear down the bridge, all right, Kylie."

"It won't happen for a while yet," Logan told her smiling. "I'm going to camp a while and look over the ground."

He looked at Kylie. It was the second time she had been looked at the way the engineer was to his as

the man down at the camp, a little older, more serious. They were different kinds of men. She could see in either of them the upbraid her father had was in people.

So there were the two men camped above and below the bridge, and Kylie, and her father who did not want to be left alone. There were the elements of the drama that soon began to play in the region of the Slow River bridge, on the road from Broke to King.

"You'd better go up to the house," her father had told Kylie. He had gone back to his work on the bridge. Kylie had gone up to the cottage. Presently Logan came up to fill his water-burn from the tank. He accepted Kylie's offer of a cup of tea, and came into her kitchen and sat down. He talked to Kylie easily, as though they had known one another a long time.

"You must find it pretty dull, living out here," Logan said.

"It says it is better to be alone."

"Your father?"

"Yes," Kylie said.

"Not far a girl like you, Kylie."

Bill had used the same phrase "What kind of a girl are you?" Kylie asked Logan.

"That isn't a fair question," he said, smiling at her. "What kind of girl are you?"

"A bad one, I'm afraid," Kylie told him.

"Very bad?"

"Not much good at all."

"Kylie?"

He held her more gently than Bill had done but his lips were hard and heavy on hers.

"Lord," he said. "Do you do that often?"

"Today has been the first time," she said truthfully. "Now can you tell me what kind of girl I am?"

Logan shook his head. "One who doesn't believe in the wilderness, I know that much. It depends what you want, Kylie. I've got a house in

the city that's not meant to be empty. I work hard, don't play very much, travel around the country a lot. You might like it. The trouble is, Kyle, you're an unknown quantity."

"Do you know any angels?" Kyle asked him.

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Not the kind for you, anyway. I could learn some, maybe."

"I don't know," Kyle said.

The tea grew cold in the cups.

When her father came home at midnight, he went to Kyle and shook her. His eyes were wild. "You went down under the bridge this morning. Who was the fellow down there? What did you do down there, this morning? A Mr. young fellow, I saw him. What did you do?"

"Nothing," Kyle blazed at him.

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing, I tell you." She looked at the empty lines of his face, and said, "You told me people are ugly. It's you who's ugly. You're all twisted inside. Whomever you're been, you haven't torn the people. You've only seen yourself."

He dropped his hands and turned away from her. He went to the window and looked out.

Kyle watched his back, stiff with some hardness that made him what he was, and made her what she didn't want to be. She thought it was a very bad business—something had happened to him, and it wasn't very nice. It couldn't have been to leave him that way. He'd been spoiled—and he was spoiling her. He was forcing her to be something she shouldn't be, and that was all wrong.

She knew he didn't realize what he was doing. He thought he was promoting her. God, he was rebelling, too, rebelling her of youth, and joy, and life.

He kept telling himself it was good for her, and there had been a time

when she trusted and believed him.

Then there had been a mass recent rape when she doubted him, but she couldn't see the doubts clearly. They were vague feelings she didn't understand and couldn't deal with.

Since Bill and Logan—the morning, she was rebellious. She still didn't understand, but she was going to find out. He wasn't going to stop her. Not done now on.

She watched him by the window, and began to feel sorry for him, but the sorrow didn't make any difference. She spoke to his back.

"You and this phase are ugly," Kyle said.

"Fences are for what I said!" He kept his back to her. "You seem to enjoy unpleasant things, Kyle. I only want to protect you from them. Don't be away from me, girl."

Kyle prepared the meal. She knew her father now, and was afraid of him. Kyle was also afraid of herself. She felt herself caught in currents and knew she could not swim. The day never might run with blood, or tears might quicken the slow flow, because of Kyle.

That afternoon Kyle sat in the shade of the trees behind the cottage. On the ground lay the book she had thrown there. For years now Kyle had lived on books, ever her father had brought with him in his retreat from the world of people. The new Kyle could see that these books had been chosen because of their alignment with her father's ideas. They were shadow books. Kyle wanted light in her life.

She did not hear him come. He put his hands over her eyes, and said, "Gaze who?"

"Bill," she said.

"You're sure it isn't that other fellow who was up here this morning? The one with the loggers, but no longer?"

"The same," Kyle told him.

Bill looked at her, very pretty. "I am up to judge some tea," he said. And because I couldn't wait until tonight to see you again."

"Did my father see you come?"

"He's been glaring down at me from the bridge all morning," Bill said. "I went down the river course and came up over the ridge. It seemed the sensible thing to do."

"Yes, it was, Bill. He might make trouble."

"Do you care?"

"I'll get you some tea," Kyle said. She turned away from him.

When she gave Bill the tea, Kyle asked him, "What kind of life do you lead?"

"A good one."

"Where are you going when you leave here?"

"Wherever the road takes me," he said. "That's my kind of life."

Kyle laughed and said, "What happens when you come to an ocean?"

"I cross it. This is a wide world, honey. You should see it, while you're pretty."

"Will you take me with you?" Kyle said.

"Then, I'll tell you tonight," Bill said. He grinned at her.

They heard someone come around the side of the house, and they stood apart. Logan walked around the corner. He looked at Bill and then at Kyle.

"I saw him cross over the ridge," Logan said. "I wondered if you were all right, here by yourself?"

"She looks all right," Bill said.

"You're the young from under the bridge, aren't you?"

"The black camped there."

"Then you'd better stay there," Logan said.

"I please myself," Bill said.

Logan moved back and stared at Kyle off his coat. Bill watched him. "Hat, isn't it?" Bill said.

"You'd better go."

Bill shook his head. He was still shaking it when Logan shook out at him. He shook it out of the way of Logan's fist.

"Stop it," Kyle said.

Bill swung at and his fist found Logan's stomach. He dropped a short kick to Logan's face. Logan backed away and Bill stood waiting for him. Then Kyle turned and ran into the house. The two men were left out in the yard in the shade of the trees. They fought just as hard without Kyle. They had forgotten what they were fighting about now.

Fists were not enough for Logan. He took two hard ones to the face, and closed it and grappled with Bill. He grappled, and Bill gave him the house. When Logan doubled over, Bill kicked his arm across the engineer's head, pulled the head down and then hung it up, and let Logan as he went away.

When Kyle's father came into the yard, Bill was partly cleaning the engineer's head against the trunk of one of the trees. He saw Kyle's father, and let Logan fall, and walked away from the house.

They sought Logan into the house and patched him up. He was bruised but not badly hurt.

"The man from under the bridge came up to borrow some tea," Kyle tried to tell her father. "And then Mr. Logan tried to pick a fight with him."

"Logan," her father said. "He's the one, then."

"You hear me, Logan," he shouted. "Get out of this house, and stay away from my girl."

"That man's crazy," Logan said. "He fights like a bear. He might have

came somewhere to Kyle, if I hadn't come along."

"I knew how to protect my own," Kyle's father shouted. "I don't need help from you, and I don't need your damned law. Somebody's happened to Kyle this morning, and I can guess who put those ideas into her head. Get out of my house!"

Loana looked at Kyle. "All right, I'd better go," he said. "I told Kyle how I feel."

"Yes," Kyle said to him, "you've told me. I'm sorry you've been hurt. I'm sorry it turned out like this."

"If you want me, Kyle, I'll be around," Loana said. He stood erect and went out of the house, leaving Kyle to face her father. Her father seemed a broken and only old man.

"They tell you that," Kyle's father said. "Kyle, I've always told you the truth, Kyle. Don't believe them and their lies. I'd be lucky just without you, kid."

"It's all right," she said. "It's all right, now." She knew it was not,

and would never be again. He had held her with a cruel strength that she understood, but that word was broken. Kyle held the places in her hands. She knew her mother, and knew she could not live with it any longer. There were two souls of course. Kyle was not sure she was the one she meant to take was the right one.

Her father was asleep when Kyle went out that night. She took nothing with her. It was to be a break, and a clean one. From the road she looked back at the cottage standing in the moonlight, overshadowed by trees. Kyle left no happy memories behind her.

She went quietly down the road. There was a fire burning at Loana's camp. The car and the tent were black lamps on the moonlit woodland. Kyle left the road and walked down to the bank of the Silver River. She searched the camp for sign of Loana, but could not see him there. She slid down the bank and came to the bed of the dry river. There was

no fire burning down here. The pool was wrapped in the shadow of the trees around it.

"Bill," Kyle said.

Two arms came out of the darkness and held her.

"You come," he said. "I didn't think you were coming."

They stood together in the shadow of the trees.

"It's all right, now, Kyle," he said.

The moon came across the sky and lighted the oaks.

"Now we'll go," Bill said. "We'll go down with the river. If there's any trouble, they'll look along the roads. So we won't take the road, we'll take the dry river!"

"I'm ready," Kyle said.

They stood, and Bill lifted his arm, and Loana walked into the ocean.

"I'm not here to fight," Loana said. "The old man—"

Then the shot came from the top of the bridge, and Loana was falling.

"My father has the gun," Kyle cried out. "I know he had the gun."

Bill pulled her down, right down under the spread of the trees.

"Stay here," he said.

She fell him as away from her. Kyle lay alone under the trees. Out in the moonlight Loana lay very still. Kyle waited.

Then she heard the scared shot and the cry that followed. She got to her feet and ran. She ran out across the moonlit stretch of the river bed. Someone came sliding down the bank to meet her.

"Oh, Bill," Kyle said.

"It's all right," he said. "I didn't hurt him."

"He cried out."

"He never felt a thing," Bill said. "He lifted the other chap, did he?"

They went back to the camp. They made sure Loana was dead.

"Now we've got to stay and face this out," Bill said. "I'll have to hold your father, Kyle. I'm sorry. We're in a mess, but we'll get out of it."

"What do we do when we come to an ocean, Bill?"

Bill said, "We cross it, Kyle."



the dream home

Architectural software by
GUYTON

Boy! Watson-Sharp certainly has thought up a neat little job here, just the home I've always dreamed of . . . still

I think a few extras would sort of take the overness of the modern look away and

An old English castle treatment of the upper structure would add an air of solid distinction



And the addition of a turret or two would certainly give the place a powerful atmosphere reminiscent of the magnificent East

Windows and shutters would of course have to be added and kept in the original design . . . Boy! What a home . . . I'd build it to-morrow if . . .



I could rake up enough money to clear the land or get the building materials, or even buy the piece of land I was thinking about in the first place

Passing Sentences

A gentleman is a man who can play the saxophone but doesn't

Purser's Proverb: Money can be lost in more ways than won

About the time you're important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor knows you to a glass of milk

The trouble about husbands in women's clothes is that as soon as they become popular they become unpopular

If a rabbit's foot could protect anybody, why didn't it protect the rabbit

The problem when solved will be simple

The New Look simply means that men have to look twice as far to see half as much

Sign in a Hollywood ice shop: "Infusion at Moderate Prices"

People generally quarrel because they cannot argue

As important as freedom of speech is freedom of silence

Some men acquire polish with age, others retain their age

Scolded: A child who doesn't think his parents are so hot

Daring: Triumph of mind over gluster

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips

Liberty is the only thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others

The happiest women, like the happiest husbands, have no history

Then there's the girl who was suffering from nose

A woman's attitude is about two-thirds surprise

The feelings of bachelor or lady in waiting

A man is troubled by the company he thinks nobody knows he's keeping

Men and pigs are useless when they lose their heads

Politicians are usually men of few words: the trouble is, they repeat the few they know



"Run for your lives: the river's overflowing"

There's no future in a life of risk and excitement says this well-known broadcaster

FRANK LOGG



what does ADVENTURE pay?

AT the moment things are quiet. Quiet for me, because I'm doing a pleasant and rather job—and liking it.

After all, one of my first assignments in life was to spend a week at sea, one of my last was as an A.B.C. war correspondent landing on Pacific islands with invading troops expecting every minute to be the last.

I've had some queer and uncomfortable experiences in the years between, working as a journalist and fighting as a soldier. Once I was nearly arrested for murder.

People sweeten tell me there's no place for adventure in the modern world. They say they envy my varied and exciting life. I don't know why. As far as adventure goes—I've had it and I don't mean maybe. Adventure is the most it's as sweet. It doesn't pay off.

When I came to Australia in 1937

and wanted to work my way the union rules were against it, so I became welfare officer on the "Largo Bay", responsible for some 600 raggeds, including 80 Little Brothers and some sailors returning to Australia. In Port Said the Little Brothers went where and enjoyed themselves greatly, and came back to the ship to "see" the color of the misters.

The captain sent for me, told me the misters threatened reprisal.

"The misters propose to work the Little Brothers' cabin tonight," he said, and added briefly, "They won't. You're the welfare officer, and you will stop them. Have a drink."

How an inexperienced lad of twenty was sent to calm a mob of angry sailors was a puzzle. I showed it over while I passed the alleyway outside the large cabin where the misters were.

Before I had mustered courage to

step the door opened. A mob of a soldier stood awaiting waving a bottle of rum.

"I wish," you know, you fellows shouldn't."

"Are a drink?" he roared.

"Not just now, thanks I wouldn't."

"Are a drink?" he demanded.

I had a drink.

Some hours later, when they escorted me to my cabin and looked me down the reason had forgotten all about the deal they had planned.

Next morning I received the grateful thanks of an admiral captain who admired the way I quelled the mob.

Soon after I arrived in Australia I was nearly arrested for murder. I didn't commit it, but I had a green suitcase. He did the murder.

I arrived at a boarding-house, with my green suitcase, on the evening of the day when the murderer disappeared with his in the same district.

At dinner I was told that some justice wished to see me. Five confessions in large boots closed round me.

"What's your name?" they looked "Would you mind removing your coat?" I asked.

They began questioning me about what was in my green suitcase. I hesitated and "Oh a body, of course."

When I was released from the police station I pointed never to be arrested to police again.

In Adelaide I became a journalist. I reviewed books, reported the Royal Show interviewed the Candy Broomers. People thought journalists were "colorful"—but in 1938 I was sent to endorse it for a war.

With the North Devonian I sailed for the Middle East, as adjutant-in-command in the 1/8th Battalion. My arrival landed pleasant. I had strange, and was earned ashore as a stretcher. My first two months as a soldier on foreign soil were spent in hospital at Iquitos.

I rejoined the Battalion in time to

set off for Benghazi, in the Western Desert to pursue the territory won by South Devonian.

That night I had a real adventure—only I had known it. We were ordered to withdraw again. I took half the platoon in a damaged captured Italian truck which was full behind the canopy. I think it broke down eighteen times during the night. During one breakdown a canopy of tanks boomed past. I sprang into the road and shouted for help.

They kept going.

"Ready driver?" I answered to the platoon driver, still ordering with the hostile engine "Who do they think they are?"

I don't blame them for not stopping. They wouldn't understand me—they were the German advance guard!

Lots of my cobbles had the most dramatic adventures in Tobruk. Perhaps I was unlucky, but looking back I don't feel Tobruk personally exciting.

For the first month we occupied the front line, from R11 to S13. After a week of practically sleepless days and nights I dozed off in the afternoon sun. When I awoke the Runner was looking down at me, saying "Terrible scraggy lot, weren't they?"

"What?" I asked.

"The Des."

"What he?"

"The prisoners of course," he said. We'd taken a hundred prisoners. Being a sergeant, I couldn't admit to the Runner that I'd slept through the platoon's first battle.

When I returned to Australia in 1940 I was sent to O.C.T.U. to become an officer.

Three months after I had got my commission and I was still in Australia, I received a wire from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation asking if I would be their war correspondent. The C-in-C approved. I well, I approved too. Adventure, I told myself, had gone out of soldiering. But as a war correspondent, and

CAVALCADE December, 1945 31

a radio war correspondent. I remembered how Churchill started. I put up my correspondent's green badges in Sydney, and women in tears wiped their Africa-stained soldier boy-friends to pass me out "Look, darling! A War Correspondent!"

Glimmer at last. Interviews at the A.B.C. confirmed my impression.

"Listen," they said, "you have a wonderful opportunity. Shortly we shall have portable recorders which you will be able to take into the front line—out on patrol—roads at night. What?" I gazed quickly.

"Well it will be a wonderful opportunity, whatever happens. This sort of war reporting is new . . ."

The new portable recorders weren't ready when I flew to New Guinea. However, my sort of war reporting had, in all probability, never been done before.

There was a recording outfit at Port Moresby. It was portable in that it could be moved in a three-ton truck. As three-ton trucks don't go far in the jungle, it remained in Moresby. With the newspaper correspondents I visited different fronts. When they despatched their copy by air to Australia I returned to Moresby, rechecked my report and sent it off as best I could.

All the transport planes flew in about 1800 hours and often their main spread of nose-bleed. And always black-faced housewives crowded round the odd Australian who went into the jungle to talk to himself. I often wondered whether the whole thing was worthwhile.

Once I got a message. I accompanied the Americans landing at the Admire-Office, the first move north from New Guinea. There were only three Australian war correspondents covering the operation, and after the landing it developed into a race back to Moresby with the story.

My driver beat the others to Buna. We were all held up because

of a violent storm raging over the Owen Stanley, but I found a R.A.F. crew willing to risk the trip. I had a thousand deaths on the flight, but reached Moresby fourteen hours ahead of my rivals, and relayed my story down Moresby.

Something went wrong, however, and my story did not get on the air until after the news had appeared in the entire Australian press.

In New Britain I had no recording outfit. But it didn't matter. There was no war in New Britain. For the Burma landings I had a portable recorder all to myself, making me a real radio correspondent. I arranged for the jeep containing the recorder to be the first vehicle ashore at Labuan from an L.S.T. which was to beach soon after the first waves hit the shore. It beached in the wrong place, the jeep ran down the ramp . . . and disappeared in fourteen feet of water. The driver could swim. The recorder was salvaged just before the end of the war.

By Surrender Day in Tokyo I had another recorder. Of all the radio war correspondents assembled, I was the only one with a portable recorder. General MacArthur issued an order that no portable recorders would be allowed aboard Minami. My story of the surrender was typewritten, recorded in Yokohama, jumped to Atsugi, sent by plane to Okinawa, carried to a radio transmitting ship, short-waved to Sydney, and picked up there two days late and mutilated. The only war correspondent with a portable recorder was the only one whose story of the surrender was never broadcast.

I don't know whether I've been lucky or not—but I do know that I've had sorts of odd spots which seem to appeal to people as an adventurer or colourful life. But I can't think of one adventure or explorer who died rich. I can't think of one who really made adventure pay. So I've had adventure—had it in the deepest meaning. And I'm all for the quiet life.



"I thought her dress looked dreadful . . . and don't you think the groom looked rather silly?" And the way the bride and groom walked well.

In the Wake of a BON VIVAN



FIGGY GAYNOR

"Civilization," says the cartoon, "is the history of food and wine."

THE young man picked up his wine glass and drained it in one rakishly glib. Monsieur Tollymond's eyebrows rose in horror.

"Sir," asked the young man in confusion, "I have offended you. Pray tell me how."

"Young man," answered Monsieur Tollymond, "when I provide my best wine I expected it to be appreciated."

"I fear, sir, that my only cause is ignorance and inexperience. But if you would be so good as to explain how one shows an appreciation of good wines I would be eternally grateful."

Monsieur Tollymond poured himself another glass and held it up to the light.

"Firstly," he said, "you warm it in your hand, like so," and he cupped it lovingly. "Secondly—you swirl it gently—again like so. Then you hold it delicately to your mouth."

"And then?" prompted the young man.

"Why then you contemplate it—the transparency, the colour, the sparkle."

"Then, sir, I pronounce you drink it."

"Drink it," said that inimitable prince of gastronomy, "why certainly not. Then, young man, you sit back and talk about it."

There was no personal observation. Tollymond was merely echoing the sentiments of the great brigade of bon vivants, gastronomes and epicures who had drunk good wine and sought good food since American harked the banners of France.

But don't let such remarks amuse you. This great band of bon vivants is not a closed order. You too you become a gourmet without drink, rapid heads at your table or greedy the banners of Europe.

Take intelligence and appreciation and flavour it deliciously with dis-

cretion and you should have the gourmet's necessary.

The French will tell you that they are mastered the art by sitting in the street cafes of Paris paying out one cent franc—but eat with what discrimination!

Now do you begin to be a gourmet? Well—perhaps by travel, perhaps by desire for a hobby. Or perhaps you have the good fortune to sign like Mr. Stanley, a Sydney gourmet of the first water.

Jay Stanley became a bon vivant in the simple expedient of being born into a long line of bon vivants. But his real initiation came at the advanced age of three.

"It is now time," said Papa Stanley, "that you learn to appreciate good wine. But whatever you do, stick always to dry wines. Sparkle, my boy, can mean an early downfall. But wine—with wine your life should be delightful."

Jay obeyed his father implicitly. He couldn't read the label but he became a great master of smell and taste. But even that acute development of his senses was liable to alter at times. And on one of these rare cases blackbirds Jay sampled run the fatal spirits that his father had deplored.

His downfall was immediate and complete. He fell flat on his face young Stanley at five, at six age when he should have known better, was drunk! But the lesson was thoroughly learned.

At seven his father again took him aside.

"My boy," he said, "it is now time that you learn to cook. No gourmet ever drinks for the sake of drinking. You must drink for a reason—as the usual accompaniment of good food. You will now dine with the family, and you will also cook one hundred meals for the family."

Young Jay dutifully complied.

Six days a week he sat happily next to the French cuisine that Papa

Stanley favored, toying with his burgundy, knowingly sipping his black and savoring each dish. But on the seventh day he was dispatched to the kitchen to produce unadvised what he'd eaten at the table.

The father's methods of correction were simple and direct.

"My boy," he would say, "you eat this meat chicken. I don't," and with one stroke heave he would hurl it through the window.

"And," adds the remonstrating Mr. Stanley, "more than once without opening it first."

"Now," he would say, "we will go and roast a chicken—correctly!"

How many chickens were sacrificed on the altar of experiment went unnumbered—Papa Stanley fortunately owned a property and his stock probably went cheerfully to their death in the cause of fine art.

At nine Jay went dining with the men and his disappreciation per excellence became delectable memories in the bellocos' minds. And on his return home he was leaving more each hunched and drinking very well.

But one grim morning Papa was waiting for his son.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I have suddenly remembered You have to go to school."

The French cuisine indeed like a beautiful dream, and young Jay was plucked out suddenly into the land of schoolboy French and very handsome cuisine—that child who had been used to a quarter of a bottle of port at dinner was left to the miserable monotony of water and weak tea.

"Sir," he asked hopefully of a master one day, "can we drink wine with our meals?" The master's eye flicked and he pined coldly to this ancient addition.

"Stanley," he said, "not only can you not drink wine with your meals but if you're ever caught drinking wine any time at any place you will be promptly expelled!"

Jay's heart kept within him. The appearance of one bottle of port as the table and he would be set of this dainty place in a matter of hours. Perhaps his father would oblige. But Papa Stanley had fixed views on education as he had fixed ideas on other matters. Jay could drink freely on holidays, but his school life must be abstemious.

For five long years he stayed at boarding school. But at fourteen Papa had joyful news for him.

"My boy," he said once more, "I can see that continuance of that turn free education will only dull your appreciation. I have arranged for you to live in a boarding house in Sydney and attend a day school. What is more, I will see that you have your own stove installed for further experiments."

Jay moved in and the very next day a note arrived from home stocked full with a generous supply of alcohol. Papa was indeed understanding.

In this balmy new atmosphere young Jay grew to manhood and graduated from school.

"Father," he suggested mildly, "will I now be going to the University?"

"The greatest university," suggested Papa Stanley, "is the world—the greatest teacher, Life. I have arranged to send you off for three years starting from here as a porter's clerk. You will I hope, benefit considerably, and it will give you an opportunity to sample the food and wines of other countries. My boy—I envy you!"

In the chop and porkers of China, Jay ate his hind end soup, in the Japanese restaurants he saw geese, the wine, the rolls, the safe man when he boarded at Muenster, the pickled herrings when he arrived in Copenhagen.

He found that a good fudge of wine and food was always welcome in civilized countries, and Papa's teaching had been thorough. The three years were well spent.

His father was waiting when he returned.

"My boy," he said, "you must think about the future. What are your intentions?"

Jay didn't hesitate.

"The shortest way to an early retirement, father, I want to make enough money quickly so that I can devote my life to food and wine."

With that ray future in view, Jay went to work—working hard to build up a business that would yield the required sum necessary to become a full time food viceroy.

In 1933 his bank book told him happily that he'd reached his goal.

"Father," he said as he packed his bag, "I have now enough money to buy of two things. Either for marriage and a family or for wine, food and travel. I think the last word says me best."

Once more Europe's cafe and wine cellars welcomed back this southern son of Australia, Tallowrand and Co.

He went straight to France and acquired a vineyard of his own in Avignon, where as the years rolled by he stored an excellent Chateau and du Papa which came from grapes growing thickly on his vine.

He also bought a cowman and followed the wine harvest festival across Europe—tripping gaily from France to Belgium to Vienna.

"Tinnia's festival," he recalled, "those were the colorful ones. Long tables set up in the village squares and at one end the great lavender decanter kept filled with wine. Everyone taking their empty plates under the constant flow. The main ones wandering between the tables the striding dwarf—even Richard Tauber—dancer, and everyone happy beautiful women, beautiful music and beautiful wine."

This happyton existence went on literally till the eve of war, when Jay was celebrating the harvest festival in Vienna. He was caught when war broke out but managed to re-

turn into Italy and across to England and finally back to Australia—and thus for a gourmet's teacher. But before he travelled Mr. Stanley believed Australia to be the new home of the best wines, the splurge, the gourmet.

Europe is too hungry to be discriminating. But here food is plentiful and cheaper than anywhere else in the world. Our fruit is fine, fish plentiful and varied, meat tender and so wine—oh is let. The grapes that grow under our southern sun give us like Avignon's best.

Jay bought a farm in the Southern Highlands of New South Wales and grew the products for his table—specializing in cordon and cream, eggs and beans. His home became a haven for gourmet visitors who could recognize the pre-war atmosphere of dinner in Bordeaux and Lyons.

Not long after his return, a Society of Gourmets was formed in Sydney and he became secretary and—his pleasure and theme—chief cook. The sole object of this society was the drinking of the finest wines and the eating of the finest food. But members must be practicing eaters.

Their initiation ceremony is a rigorous one. They must prepare a luncheon that will tickle the palate of the judges—all tried veterans in the art.

Society luncheons each month are eaten meals—as busy gobbling with one eye on the clock. They must relish each morsel and let each word had across the wine.

"Two hours for lunch," says Jay, "is the minimum time required. In France they realize this, and they take two hours for lunch. Business! Well, business must stop for two hours, that is all!"

Two hundred years ago Beilstein-Savarin, a noted French gourmet, thought the same when he wrote, "Let dinner be the last business of the day and the guests considering themselves so lawless who are to arrive together at the same place of destruction."

Food and wine is a delightful study—a source of southeast pleasure—both in the creation and the sampling.

"For," as Jay adds wisely with Baker, "show me a lean and hungry chef and you show me a man not worthy of his craft."



Nickolls was horror-stricken as the natives dropped dead at his feet.

C. MASON KERR.



death

IN THE KIMBERLEYS

THE summer missionaries were sweeping across the Kimberley country in North-West Australia. Liveringa Station in King Sound lay right in the wet patch, but it would provide shelter till the rains passed.

The little band of aborigines, gaunt "walkabout" from their home stations, struggled over to the outbuildings to settle down with their Liveringa friends for a time in the queer circumstance that is their own.

On the edge of Liveringa, the sunny camp still waited for their mail and supplies. Twice Arthur Nickolls, the storeman at Derby, had tried to get his train through to the camp. But the hundred miles out to Laventum was a continual bog. It was another month before he could make the trip.

As he drove through the gates towards the Liveringa homestead, he sensed the quietness of the place. It

was an uneasy silence—a silence with the smell of death upon it.

Nickolls had met the signalmen at Derby on their way out to their waste posts. They had been as ignorant of the bush that he had killed them. Youngsters had asked whether they would get regular mails from home. He had not had the heart to tell them that they might be cut off from the rest of the world for the greater part of three months by the flooded tracks of the relay system. He had assured them that mails would get through "fairly frequently".

Stores and mail had accumulated at Derby and now that the "wet" showed signs of easing and the tracks were firmer, Nickolls decided to load them into a truck and push off alone in an effort to break the party's isolation.

As the truck, spluttering the back cabs, approached the Liveringa

homestead something in the quietness of the place expressed itself upon him. It was an uneasy silence, a silence with the smell of death upon it.

He had not expected the signalmen to come rushing for he knew they were some distance away. But he had expected some sign of life.

Nobody moved around the native quarters.

He strove through the porch outer gates and close to the buildings stopped the truck. He had not expected the signalmen to come rushing for he knew they were some distance away. But he had expected some sign of life.

Nickolls remained seated in the cab of the truck peering upon the desertion. Only sound that came to him was the tick-tick of hot metal of the untwisted belching engine. He turned off the engine and walked out. There was no answer.

So he clambered out of the truck and walked over to the first of a group of huts and shade where he knew the natives lived. At the door he again called and when the silence was unbroken he stepped from the bright light across the threshold into the gloom.

It was a native, his face dreadfully contorted and his hands clenching his stomach. Nickolls hurried forward. The native flung out his arms and grabbed him casually. But before he could speak, Nickolls felt the black go rigid and then sag. He was dead.

Nickolls lowered the body to the eastern floor. He examined the interior of the shed, but there was no explanation for the native's death. The silence of the buildings seemed to descend upon him, smothering him like something physical.

He walked slowly out of the shed, searching for some sign of life. Why was no other native about? Had the station been visited by some strange disease?

Flummied, he decided to push on to the camp. Suddenly a native stag-

gered to the door of another shed. She looked dreadfully ill and she too was clutching her stomach. Her face was lined and twisted in agony. He sprang towards her and urged her to speak. Instead, she looked at him with fear in her eyes and without speaking pitched forward at his feet. She too was dead.

Nickolls was alarmed. Two natives had died at his feet from some mysterious cause. He felt like fleeing from the death sheds. He fought back his fears and began a search of the remaining sheds and huts.

At the door of one that he called softly in the hope that somebody might be alive. There was no sound but a few feet inside a body was stretched on the floor. A third death on Liveringa! The native had been dead for some time. His mouth had set in. The dead man's eyes stared at the rough ceiling and his face was twisted. It was obvious that he like the others had died in great pain.

Nickolls felt he had been hurried into the midst of a murder plot or dropped into some terrible plague spot. Even as he looked down at the third man, a fourth native rushed towards him from an adjacent doorway.

Again it was the same. The fellow grasped his stomach with both hands. Nickolls rushed to his side, frantically begged him to speak. The native's legs quivered. He tried to talk, but he was beyond speech. He crumpled up in a heap on the ground. The fourth death.

Nickolls' feelings passed from the state of shock to straight-out jitter. He had seen enough to shake the nerve of any law man. Three people to drop dead at your feet without being able to speak, and to find a fourth convulsed corpse, was sufficient to madden anybody. Yet he remained on the scene searching for a clue.

In one shed he discovered several natives lying around obviously very sick and unable to talk. Nickolls ran out to the truck, reeved up the en-

gins and raced away to the camp.

The signifiers greeted him happily. But his face was grim as he told his story. The signifiers jumped on the truck and sped back to the death scene with him.

They rounded the sick men. But, despite persistent questioning, they could get no more out of them. These natives didn't seem dangerously ill. Even without medical knowledge, the white men felt certain there was no immediate fear of further deaths.

The signifiers remembered seeing more natives around the place a few days before. A search was begun, and on distant parts of the station healthy natives were located. These explained that they had fled from the shack in terror when some of their number became seriously ill. Some evil spirit had come around them.

The white men were without a clue. They sent a man into Derby at full speed to get the police, but they knew that a couple of days must elapse before police could arrive at Leverings. They ordered the fit natives to take the bodies away and bury them. The instructions were not to go very far and to bury the bodies in shallow graves for the police would have to see them.

Nicholls and the soldiers thereupon forgot the bodies and concentrated upon solving the mystery. They still were floundering when the police arrived.

First demand of the police was to see the bodies. Nicholls and the soldiers told them that would be easy. They led the way to some scrub out for away where they confidently expected to find the shadowy mounds.

To their amazement there were no bodies and no ground. Strange doings and now the bodies vanished away!

The white men robed about in the scrub and were furiously baffled. The morning was fine, the sun shone hotly from a clear sky. Then one of the men felt a drop of moisture on

his face. Sweats? From a cloudless sky? Impossible!

He looked upwards through the bush—and the bodies were located. Burial to these natives had not meant putting the bodies underground. They had followed their ancient tribal custom of heaving their dead upon a bower of branches supported by poles. The bodies were beginning to decompose, and the drop of moisture had fallen.

Then began a searching investigation led by the police. The natives, well and sick, were rounded up for questioning. They were frightened, uncomprehending. The police had a couple and a half.

Death had been brought by the amiable band of "walkabout" natives. They had left their own nation many miles away weeks before. In their wanderings they had come upon a second station, where they had spent some time with the dead natives.

When they had been about to move on they had begged for some baking powder from the station crowd, to put in their fire to make their damper rise. The principal commander of the aborigines had been decomposed in a disgusting manner. The station crowd had filled up an empty coffee tin with powder. Then the nomads had moved on. But on the truck they had not baked any damper. Wanderers across the country, they had lived off the land. They had not thought of damper until they had reached the campfire of Leverings.

Then they had brought forth their well filled coffee tin. They had shown it to the Leverings natives, and had said that they all would have "but little damper." The dough had been mixed and the dampers had been baked and eaten.

All had shared in the feast of damper, made not with baking powder from the coffee tin—but with arsenic which had been tipped into it by mistake.

SEEDS & PLANTS



"then I covered them with dirt, and that was the last I ever saw of them."

Home on a Hillside



UPPER FLOOR



LOWER FLOOR



The manner in which the near suburbs of all the capital cities have been built out makes the problem of planning for difficult sites a common one. Practically all the level building blocks in Sydney suburbs and in a lesser degree in those of the other cities have already been utilized. Steep and broken ground covers a large percentage of the allotments available for present day house-builders.

The sort of building on this type of site is naturally greater than on level ground. When planning can, however, limit the amount of additional cost and in many instances a much more interesting house and surroundings can be the final result.

The month CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a house on a site with a sharp drop running across the centre. The living, or day-time, rooms are on the upper floor level whilst the bedrooms, or night section of the house, is on the lower level. A flat roof over this lower section provides a large and useful open deck which is approached through the living-room.



The upper floor is on a level approximating that of the street. The terrace is placed in the front of the building to provide easy access. There is also a path of stepping stones leading across the lawn to the entrance porch.

From here one enters the living room, which is combined with the dining room into one large L-shaped area. The entire length of one wall of the living room is made up of windows extending right to the floor, and commanding a view of the garden on the upper level.

The kitchen is located in the angle of the L, with direct access to the living room. A pair of glass doors from the living room lead out on to the open deck.

The bedrooms are arranged on the lower floor along the sunny side, and each is fitted with its own built-in wardrobe. The bathroom and a separate toilet room are located at the foot of the stairs where they will be convenient for both floors.

The minimum footings required for this house is 60 feet. At the rate of \$120 per square the building cost would be \$2880.

Designed for a

big family breakfast

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WHILE 2 MORE
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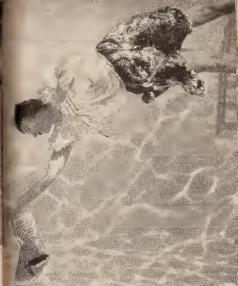


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APPROX.
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FOR ONE
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Mermaids

A CAVALCADE PICTURE STORY

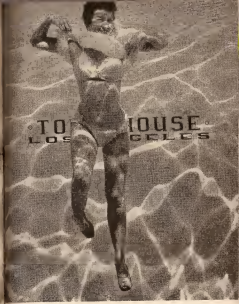
CAN BE SO A-PEELING!

JUDY COOK is a modern mermaid with a commercial esthetic. She has oiled in on the strip scene since that late privileged America since Gypsy Rose Lee first posed in public. But there is nothing crude about Judy's novel ability. There she is, walking demurely beside the pool when suddenly her hat blown off—*zap!* but how annoying!

BEING A GIRL who simply must be fully dressed she leans over to recover the hat *And* in the process—*oh dear!* Judy figured that undressing with a new angle should pay off, and she was right. While burlesque strippers depend on theatrical affect she goes for sheer realism, makes her tumble into the water look like a genuine accident. Result is all that could be expected. Now she's all wet and it doesn't look as though she'll get the hat either.



FOR A MOMENT she doesn't seem particularly worried about it. After all, if her head must be bare, the rest of her ought to match it. And Judy is a very constant lady. First off with her steel . . .



THEN THE BLOUSE. Are you sure you only came down for your hat, Judy? Those garments are coming off pretty easily. It makes us think you put 'em on for a purpose.



STILL MAYBE WE'RE WRONG. Here she's on the pool again after the chaotic head gear. After all clothes are inclined to hamper you on such important quests. And anyhow, the swim after the bat gives her a chance to float past the audience—taking a bow, in a way.



AND HERE SHE'S GOT IT. We were wrong. Well, well—just shows you should never doubt accidents! But we did hear Miss Cook plan a hour with a possible swimming Irish and an obliging wind. What's that—oh of course—purely in the name of art!

Lucky Guy!

Now Lucy was
 (I don't say this because
 She specially favored me)
 A lovely lass to me
 In any sort of rig she liked to wear
 It happened that
 A very dilly dilly hat
 Educated her view
 (And on most people too)
 Looked lovely wearing Lucy's lovely hair
 The fortune was all mine
 When I first met a lass
 At Lucy, Lucy caught it
 And (few people would have thought it)
 She chose me better than some handsome guy
 And Lucy's smile was dental,
 But she possessed quite temperamental
 Over some trifling thing
 That worked in winter spring
 And brought the fireworks steadily to her age
 Very soon I couldn't stand it
 Thought I'd leave it
 To any one at all
 Who could let Lucy howl
 And still profess some ardor for her beauty.
 When I tried to tell
 As we dress too well
 That I was going to break loose
 She said it was the wrong
 And she expected I'd feel better in the morning
 A renewal of fun
 That left me before
 And further attempts at escape
 In behavior of similar shape
 Found her suddenly understanding not at all scolding
 I stood her up for a date,
 And such was my fate
 She had to say she was ill
 And couldn't fill the bill
 On that occasion. So I gave the game away.
 But what's worse, soon afterwards she married me
 And she's been bawling me out ever since
 And now who see her
 Turn and hear
 And say, lucky guy—
 I wonder why
 He got a lovely looking gal like that!

MORRIS McLEOD





MEXICAN CONQUEST

FREDERIC WINDSOR

WHEN the sunken brought droves of the strangers to the city of Tenochtitlan, Montezuma, prince of the Aztecs, sent Alvarado Cortes a wheel of gold, a diadem of gold and bright plumes, and a message to go back.

Cortes' answer was to have his men burn the cereals so which they had sailed from Spain to new conquests, and the Spaniards marched on Mexico.

The united land that saw teams this came was, in the year 1519, a series of dominions ruled by several monarchs. The Spanish march was destined to be a bloody one.

Their first battle was fought against the hosts of the Tlascalans. Three thousand Spaniards faced thirty thousand of the foe on a great open plain, and rested over with shot and shell.

The defeated Tlascalans made a swift volte face then, declaring themselves the Spaniards' friends and giving them freedom of their city. This act was the key to Cortes' conquest of the land, were without the help of this tribe he would never have taken Tenochtitlan.

On the heels of victory came messages from Montezuma of the Aztecs and from the prince of the Cholulan people, both offering Cortes a hearty

welcome to their cities and swearing him of their friendship.

"Be wary of Montezuma, and his gifts," the Tlascalans warned the Conquistadors. "He is false, and seeks only your destruction."

The Spaniards stayed six weeks in the Tlascalan city.

During their watch on Tlascala, the Spaniards had sent down many stone idols among the lesser tribes, but now Cortes wisely refrained from interfering with the rites of his new allies. Montezuma's cry, it seemed, was the lack to the door to conquest, and the Tlascalans were the master key.

With a host of these warriors behind him, Cortes marched west. He had decided to sound out the Cholulan offer before going to Montezuma. If the Cholulans would join with him, Cortes believed he would be invincible.

The Cholulan sorcerer took this great host of men and armour into their city. The Spaniards looked around them and saw great wealth.

But under the Cholulan guise of friendship lay a plot to slaughter the invaders. The Spaniards luckily heard of this time to strike first.

Within a space of four hours there were few left alive in the Cholulan capital.



Now Cortes marched for the valley of Mexico, towards his gateway, the sacred peak of volcanic Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

They came to the valley and now below them the city of Tenochtitlan gleaming white in the sun, and approached by four great stone causeways.

Montezuma made them welcome, let them march into the city, and gave them a great palace for their quarters. But conquest was the aim of these men.

At a given time the Spaniards and their followers ran attack in the city, killed thousands of the Aztecs, and burned the temple and threw down its gods. But the Aztecs rallied, throwing their great numbers into the fight. The Spaniards were forced to retreat over one of the causeways.

There were three strategic breaches in the causeways. The Aztecs fought from land and from canoes in the water. Only at noon, horses, ammunition, cartridges and cannon fell into and filled these breaches were the sad remnants of Cortes' army able to cross to safety.

Many thousands were killed that day. At sundown many hundreds of captives went to their deaths under the knives of the Aztec priests. The scared little army of Cortes had a way back to Tenochtitlan and the coast.

There were fresh arms and men waiting on the coast for Cortes. The King of Spain had remembered his conqueror in the extent of two hundred fresh men and horses, cannon and firearms for those and so many more twice over. The Spaniards hated their hereditary enemies the Aztecs enough to risk a fresh army.

With this host, together with a number of small ships he had the soldiers make and transport overland. Cortes marched again on Tenochtitlan. Several other tribes joined the Spaniards in his vain.

In their second attempt on the city,

the Spaniards almost suffered a recurrence of the original slaughter. Cortes lost two hundred Spaniards and a thousand Indians, and the sun-god had more living sacrifices made to him that night.

Since he could not take the city by assault, Cortes decided to starve it. From land and from the small ships his cannon began to pound the buildings to rubble. Whatever would have been put to the torch. Each passing day saw the slaughter of hundreds of the enemy who never for an instant stopped fighting back.

The Indians on both sides were cannibals. There was no food supply problem where they were concerned. As the Spaniards advanced on the city center they found the streets piled high with dead. These conditions bred pestilence, which killed more Aztecs than the Spanish guns did.

The two last days of the campaign were the most bloody.

On the first day it was estimated that forty thousand Aztec men, women and children were butchered because they would not give in. The streets of Tenochtitlan were piled with the dead, and the gutter ran with blood. "Like unto these charnels after a rain-storm."

On the final day the blood-thirsty Tlaxcalans, Otomacs, and Chalcas, Tehuacaneros and other tribesmen accounted for the remnants of their hereditary enemies, the Aztecs. Back of their fury lay almost a century of secret destruction, reaction of tribute, theft of the best of their young men, the fagot of their maidens, and a list of other evils committed against them.

In this last hour, when the Spaniards tried to stop the needless killing of a beaten people, they were powerless to hold their Indian allies. Night fell on a city where the buildings were reared to the last fragment and the only pyramids left were those of the dead. The conquest of Mexico was sealed.



STORY OF THE FILM, STARRING
SHIRLEY TEMPLE, JOHN
WAYNE AND HENRY FONDA
RELEASED BY — R. B. O.
ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN.

LEUTENANT COLONEL
THURSDAY ARRIVES
WITH HIS DAUGHTER
PHILADELPHIA TO TAKE
COMMAND OF LONELY
FORT APACHE IN THE
ARIZONA DESERT.



BETTER BECAUSE HE HAS
BEEN DEMOTED FROM
HIS CIVIL WAR RANK OF
GENERAL, HE SEES
LITTLE CHANCE OF
WINNING HONOR IN THIS
ISOLATED OUTPOST.



THE PORT DOES NOT EXPECT HIS ARRIVAL. THE TELEGRAPH LINE HAS BEEN DOWN FOR TWO DAYS AND NO MESSAGE HAS GOT THROUGH -----



NEXT MORNING, THURSDAY SUMMONS THE OFFICERS AND TELLS THEM HE INTENDS MAKING THE POST THE MOST EFFICIENT IN THE ARMY....



PHIL NOTICES SMOKE RISING IN THE DISTANCE. O'ROURKE REALIZES IT COMES FROM THE TELEGRAPH LINE AND THEY RIDE TO INVESTIGATE -----



LIEUTENANT MICHAEL O'ROURKE, FRESH FROM WEST POINT, ARRIVES BY THE SAME COACH. PHIL IS INSTANTLY ATTRACTED



LIEUTENANT O'ROURKE FINDS THAT PHIL IS FOND OF RIDING AND SUGGESTS THAT THEY GO RIDING THAT AFTERNOON -----



A SUPPLY WAGON IS OVERTURNED AND THE BODIES OF TWO PORT APACHE SOLDIERS LIE ACROSS THE BROKEN TELEGRAPH WIRES -----



We ALL agree on Tek!



Tek Junior is the toothbrush kiddies like best. It's smaller and easier to use. For adults -- Tek 2 New and Tek Professional -- a Tek for each member of the family.



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

THEY GALLOP BACK TO THE PORT TO REPORT COLONEL THURSDAY IS FURIOUS THAT O'Rourke TOOK PHIL RIDING WITHOUT PERMISSION FORBIDS HIM TO VISIT HER AGAIN



THE COLONEL SENDS O'Rourke AND FOUR VOLUNTEERS BACK TO REPAIR THE TELE-GRAPH LINE AND SCOUT FOR POSSIBLE INDIANS



CAPTAIN YORKE KNOWS INDIAN TACTICS, AND BELIEVES THAT SUCH A SMALL PARTY WILL BE WIPED OUT IF THE INDIANS ATTACK...



IT'S SUICIDE!

THURSDAY PLANS TO FOLLOW WITH A BIG AGE-THIS SILENCING YORKE'S PROTESTS...



HARDLY HAVE O'Rourke AND THE MEN BEGUN WORK BEFORE THE INDIANS ATTACK!



REALISING THEY ARE OUTNUMBERED THEY LEAVE THE LINE AND RIDE FURIOUSLY BACK TO THE PORT! THE INDIANS FOLLOW CLOSELY!



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WHEN THEIR AMMUNITION IS ALMOST GONE, COLONEL THURSDAY RIDES TO THE RESCUE AND THE INDIANS TURN AND FLEE.



TRYING TO DISCOVER WHO HAS BROKEN THE TELEGRAPH LINE, THURSDAY RIDES TO QUESTION MEECHAM WHO RUNS THE CIVIL SUPPLY STORE FOR INDIANS ON THE RESERVATION.



MEECHAM PROTESTS IGNORANCE BUT YORKE INSISTS THAT IT IS THE WORK OF INDIANS CORRUPTED BY MEECHAM'S CHEAP SPIRITS AND UNDERHAND WAYS.



MEECHAM DENIES THAT HE KEEPS SPIRITS BUT SEARCHERS DISCOVER CASKS OF HIGH POWERED WHISKY WHICH THURSDAY ORDERS TO BE DESTROYED.



THURSDAY SUGGESTS THAT IF THE GREAT APACHE CHIEF, COCHISE, COULD BE PERSUADED TO BRING HIS PEOPLE BACK TO THE RESERVATION, THE BAD INDIAN ELEMENT MIGHT BE WIPED OUT.



YORKE INSISTS THAT COCHISE ONLY LED HIS PEOPLE AWAY FROM MEECHAM, AND WILL NOT BRING THEM BACK WHILE MEECHAM IS STILL THERE.



COCHISE TOLD ME HIMSELF.

YORKE OFFERS TO FIND COCHISE HIMSELF TO TRY AND PERSUADE HIM TO RETURN TO THE RESERVATION.



WITH SERGEANT BEAUFORT TO ACT AS INTERPRETER, YORKE RIDES OFF TO COCHISE'S CANYON COUNTRY.



YORKE PROMISES COCHISE THAT IF HE BRINGS HIS PEOPLE BACK TO THE RESERVATION THEY WILL BE PROTECTED. COCHISE AGREES TO RETURN.



YORKE REPORTS BACK TO COLONEL THURSDAY WHO IMMEDIATELY ORDERS THE ENTIRE REGIMENT TO ASSEMBLE AT DAWN TO RIDE OUT TO MEET COCHISE.



YORKE IS FURIOUS AS THIS IS CONTRARY TO THURSDAY'S PROMISE TO SEND ONLY A SMALL BODYGUARD. HE KNOWS COCHISE WILL SUSPECT FORCE AND LOSE FAITH IN YORKE'S ASSURANCES.



THURSDAY, CONFIDENT AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS ON THE TELEGRAPH LINE, OVERRIDES HIM. THE REGIMENT MOVES OUT NEXT MORNING.



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W.A.A.

ON THE BORDER OF THE RESERVATION THURSDAY SELECTS STRATEGIC HIDEOUTS, BUT AT THAT MOMENT COCHISE APPEARS OVER THE HILL.~~~~~



THURSDAY DISCREDITS COCHISE'S ARMY, BUT AGREES TO TALK TO HIM. ARROGANTLY HE ORDERS COCHISE BACK TO THE RESERVATION.~~~~~



NEXT MORNING THURSDAY ORDERS A CHARGE MOUNTED IN FOURS. YORKE AGAIN SAVES THE CHARGE'S SUICIDE FOR COCHISE WILL OUTWIT THEM COMPLETELY.~~~~~



YORKE SUGGESTS THAT IT WOULD BE WISER TO TALK THAN FIGHT AS COCHISE'S INDIANS OUTNUMBER THE REGIMENT BY FOUR TO ONE.~~~~~



COCHISE REFUSES TO RETURN UNLESS MEE-CHAN IS REPLACED, BUT THURSDAY REFUSES TERMS AND DEMANDS THAT COCHISE RETURN BY SUNRISE OR HE WILL ATTACK.~~~~~



THURSDAY ACCUSES YORKE OF COWARDICE AND ORDERS HIM BACK TO THE CAMP. SUPPLY TEAM WITH NO PART IN THE ATTACK.~~~~~



A SMALL FORCE OF APACHES COMES OVER THE HILL / THE REGIMENT QUICKLY REPULSES THEM AND THE INDIANS RETREAT ..



THURSDAY, CONFIDENT THAT HE HAS BEATEN COCHISE ALREADY, LEADS HIS MEN IN A FINAL CHARGE ----



COCHISE IS INDEED A BRILLIANT STRATEGIST. THE SMALL INDIAN FORCE IS ONLY A BAIT LEADING THE REGIMENT INTO A DEAD-END TRAP IN THE CANYON.



FROM ALL SIDES THE APACHES POUR DEATH DOWN ON THURSDAY'S MEN UNTIL THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL LEFT!



FROM A HILL IN THE REAR, YORKE WATCHES THE HAVOC HE PREDICTED. SEEING THURSDAY SHOT FROM HIS HORSE



YORKE RIGGS TO THURSDAY'S RESCUE BUT THURSDAY INSISTS HE MUST STILL COMMANE WHAT IS LEFT OF THE REGIMENT ----



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The BODY wore RED

RITA CUE

It seemed like death by drowning
 But CORAL remembered . . .

A TALL girl in a light green costume ran lightly along the edge of the swimming pool, laughing over her shoulder at the man who pursued her. He caught her around the waist and dipped her with one easy motion into the water. Paul Lince's lean face darkened and he moved towards the man. The swimmer saw him coming, struggled, then dived, and was lost amidst the fading lights.

Behind the champagne counter stood Joe Lince, the sweet trickling down his fat beaming face as he lazily dragged the silver pieces that were the price of escape from the heat of the streets outside. His bright black eyes rested a moment thoughtfully on his man-Paul's white-clad figure still stood beside the pool.

Then the lights went out
 From the deserted deep and came a

IN CAVALCADE December, 1948



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CAVALCADE, December 1948 181

spish and it had a hollow soundness. The talk became clamorous. "Shake it up, Joe! What're y' doing there? Get a move on, Joe!" The lights flickered, then flashed on. Joe glanced apologetically and waved his back at the waiters. They began to slide back into the waiters.

Suddenly a man sheeted and his time was urgent.

"There's someone downstairs—there's a body in there!"

"Scurly Macle," exploded Joe, clutching wet hampers at his curly black hair, as he waddled anxiously over the slippery covelets.

"Phone da police," he ordered, as he relieved a pale-faced doorman youth of his burden. He lowered the woman gently on to the carpeted paving. She lay in a slowly widening pool of water. Her vivid red costume floated against her woman flesh, and her long yellow hair straddled across her face. The face was expressionless, a mask, beautiful, but so lacking young.

A pot-bellied man turned her on her back and started to give resuscitation, pinching and lifting, pinching and lifting with stolid rhythm.

Everyone was waiting.

Detective-Sergeant Connell's short round frame heaved from one group to another, taking down details, reporting or irrelevant, with his customary waver.

The girl in the green bathing suit was still crying and her companion tried to wipe her away into the shadows. At the slight movement, Connell's wary white eyebrows met in a terrible frown. He shouted at them.

"Hey, you two—where d'you think you're going?"

Paul fixed him silently. "This is the dead woman's daughter—she can't stand much more of this. I'm taking her home."

"So—name?" barked Connell.

"Lorna—Paul Lorna."

"Ah—relative of Joe here?"
"She's my son," supplied Joe proudly.
"Um—and your name, was?"
"Joyce Hartley."
"Address?"
"21 Kelson Street, City."
"Look here," growled Paul. "After all, at a time like this surely you—"
Connell looked at him with disapproval. "We can not sure yet if the lady is dead—are we? Your address?"

"The house at my father's—next door to here."

"Has I've talked to Mr. Hartley—anyone else in your party tonight?"

Joyce hesitated. "Only mother's secretary—Gladys Vere. She—joined to here."

"I'll find her. Well, man, I guess you can go."

She looked at him with those grey eyes. "She is dead, isn't she?"

"Well, I—" He hesitated, then nodded. "I—am afraid so—of course, we must be sure before—yes?"

He was mumbling, for under his head evidence Connell was so soft as better. "I—perhaps you had better get dressed and go home. I'll call you later."

"Thank you." The girl was calm, her rather long face pale and lifeless. She turned and walked slowly to the dressing cubicles.

Connell quickly returned to brusque efficiency. He turned to Joe, who seemed reluctant to leave him.

"Does know a Gladys Vere?" he asked.

"Sure—I know that real. She's over there with Mother Hartley."

Len Hartley started on the staircase dartsed towards him, and the girl turned to leave. Connell called after her.

"Miss Vere?"
"Yes."

Connell's manner altered perceptibly. He liked pretty women.

"Just a few routine questions—that's all. Where were you when Mrs. Hartley met with this accident?"

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Wasn't you near her?"

"I—well no—we—we weren't exactly together."

Len Hartley frowned. "She was talking to me—up there near the office—she was going to get dressed when the lights suddenly went off."

Glenda broke in quickly. "That's right—I was almost halfway—I just stood and waited—I was afraid of slipping in the dark."

"I didn't ask your daughter—I was wondering if she—"

Hartley replied impatiently. "She was with Paul Lucas—I'd been watching them."

"Indeed?" Connell's brows pointed his question.

Hartley flushed. "I—yes—that is, Miriam and I—we didn't exactly approve of this fellow—Miriam particularly. She thought him a bit wild—not our type at all."

"I see," Connell glanced towards the still hovering Joe, but he had not heard. "Well—I guess that's all—if you want to go—Miss Vance had better have her address." He noted it down absently. "Oh—eh—and telephone number?" He smiled. "Thank you." He had no time to spend on Miss Vance now, but later—He turned away.

"Oh, Joe—"

Joe had moved and was looking at Miriam Hartley. The cushions now were lifting her on to a stretcher.

"What do you think of all this, eh Joe?"

Joe shrugged and spread his plump white hands.

"Think."

"Yes," Connell smiled at the urban benignity Joe reacted as unprepared. He confided.

"Well—just that these women—she was quite happy. She watched her husband tonight—worth that one!"

"Another woman—Glenda Vance?"

"Sure—he comes here—very many times—worth that Miss Vance!"

"Hm—you think this was an accident, Joe?"

"Accident!" Joe's eyes became wary. I suppose so. What else, hey? Steel—all our heads for business!"

The baths were now almost deserted and Joyce Hartley's footsteps sounded loud in the silence. Connell saw she was heading towards him. He motioned to the embusment men to hurry and they moved off. One of the women's hands slipped from beneath the sheet and he rucked it back quickly. The fingers seemed dry—almost as if they had been burned. He shrugged—perhaps she had been curious over a stove.

He turned with an uneasy smile towards the Hartley girl. Paul Lucas followed closely behind her.

She turned her costume wrapped in a damp towel—on the other hand she swung a red bathing cap. She seemed excited.

She held out the cap. "I found this—in our cubicle."

Connell frowned—the body had worn red.

"Well," she said impatiently, "don't you think it strange she'd take off her cap and then go back to swim?"

Connell rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "She—yes now her wearing the cap?"

"Of course—at least, I think so. She must have. She wouldn't want to spoil her hair—she'd have to have another set tomorrow if it got wet."

Paul broke in eagerly. "Does it mean anything to you?"

Connell sighed. "It might—there's just a chance—what chance were you?"

"Number 10. We always used that one—more light."

"I'll take a look. It—hadn't you better take her home, son?"

Dismayed, they stood watching his short legs twinkling purposefully towards the cubicle.

Connell pushed open the door and the floor gleamed wetly. He took out a powerful torch and flashed it in the

Outlawed for 600 years

Oxford University students outlawed a wealthy citizen for 600 years.

IN 1284 Oxford had only 1,000 people. It was a small town. But it was a town of scholars. Oxford University colleges had been founded, but it remained a small market town. And then came the first killings "down and down row" which led to the unsavory persecutions which were carried down through the ages.

As is customary, there was a certain amount of rivalry between the students of the University and the townsfolk, but in 1284, there occurred a serious clash in which a student was killed by Henry Runcorne, a wealthy citizen of the town.

The students rose against Runcorne, and the unfortunate Henry had to escape their vengeance. It is not known how long he remained in exile, but eventually, much against the best wishes of the students, Runcorne was given permission by Henry III to return to the town on payment of £50.

The University fought against allowing him to stand trial for nearly 20 years, but when overcome in 1284, they used this as an excuse for the major part of the University to move to Northampton. In the same year, however, Simon de Montfort captured the king, expelled them and reinstated Runcorne's home. He went into exile



again. There he died, but his memory was perpetuated in a ceremony whereby every candidate for the baccalaureate, or bachelor's degree, was required to swear a solemn oath against allowing his possible residence in the town.

This oath was carried on until 1929 on warning against all who might molest Oxford students. These action may seem harsh to us today, but their students felt the same pressing need for security which reflected upon all ages and times. Today we do not need to go to the same lengths in our search for security, for our lives are guarded by skilled police, and our future can be assured through Life Assurance. By investing in Life Assurance, Australians not only protect their own future, but they are also making a definite step towards the development of our nation. The money set aside in Life Assurances by over 2,000,000 Australians is invested in works of unswerving importance. By support for road maintenance, electricity supply, gas supply, harbor trusts and many other public utilities Life Assurance brings benefits to every Australian.

across. It was all quite bare. A constable had taken Mrs. Hartley's clothes to the station. He climbed up on the wooden form and peered at the shower pipe. Near the shower rose a slight scratch against the base of the copper fitting. He was frowning as he went out.

"You're a fool!" he told himself. "It's just an accident. It means nothing. You're just naturally suspicious."

He bent against the counter and glowered broodingly at Joe. The telephone rang suddenly and he reached over and answered it.

"She's dead the doc says," the voice at the other end informed him. "The Sub-Inspector wants to see you too."

"Alright!" He walked out to the car, still frowning. Joe followed. "Oh—look up, Joe—and go home. No one will get at—not that anyone would want to, I guess." He nodded nervously and drove off. He had a feeling that all was not well.

Connell found the doctor waiting for him when he returned to his office. There was a look of puzzled irritability on the thin sensitive face.

"I can't understand it," he greeted Connell.

"Tough," started the detective. "Look—that woman is dead. But she wasn't drowned."

Connell's jaw dropped. "Not drowned—but, man, they fished her out."

"Yes, I know. But she wasn't drowned. There was no water in the house. She was dead before she went in."

"Any theories on how she died?"

The doctor frowned. "It seems odd—but she appears to have suffered shock. And her hands are badly burned. I might say she was electrocuted."

"Electro—but that's—no, wait a minute!" Connell thought of the red bathing cap, the scratch on the shower pipe. "That's it—in the tub—she was from a power pail—"

the shower—she'd turn it on—some-one knew what she'd do—she—what's it?"

"Eh?" The doctor frowned, then he smiled. "Well, you seem to have it all tied up—I think I'll go home to bed—if they let me sit to sleep to-night." Connell nodded absently. He felt a minor excitement.

A young constable knocked on the door. He held a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Well," said Connell. "Found anything?"

"There's something pretty good—Misses Hartley registered a child in 1928—Paul Lucas is the father."

"His?" Connell looked interested. "Anything else?"

"Well, her clothes yielded nothing much. They were neatly folded, the usual things looked good stuff. No letters in the purse, just a dry chemical dibber, some small change, lipstick compact, handkerchiefs, comb. The shoes were wet—one had been trodden flat—there was a trace of mud on it—looked like a golf shoe tread—probably her daughter wore—"

"No—wait a moment. Joyce Hartley wore sandals. Women don't wear rubbers as a rule. Look—get that checked. It may mean something!"

The constable hurried away, and Connell relaxed, smiling.

He thought, "Paul Lucas—so that's it. Misses Hartley would threaten to come between him and the daughter—naturally. Len Hartley and Glenda Vance might have wanted her out of the way—but did they want a badly enough to kill her? They said they were together—they could be lying—probably were—she looked frightened. Pretty true. The daughter—well, you could dismiss her. Or could you? What were the relations between her and her mother—had they quarreled over Paul? Paul is the likely one though—he was wearing sports clothes too—I'd better wait for that girl. Rubber sales aren't suitable for wet floors—no father."

ADPT.

Choice of the Champions



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would wear them. Still, as consolation if the wearer were handling alcohol—trifling—that might have been the murderer's idea—he'd run a wire—from a point—or a tight sedate—oh, the print—too—quite plain, what there is of it—think I'd recognize it when I see it—hm—"

The detective got out his car and headed back towards the bath. Old Joe would take it badly, he thought and had a moment's pity for him—

The lights were still on at the bath and he frowned as he stopped the car. Why hadn't Joe looked up as he had instructed him?

He entered silently. Paul Lucas was playing six and three penny his into next cyberside. He stood up at Connell.

"Well," said the detective, "I thought you'd taken Miss Hartley home."

"She wanted to be alone—anywhere her father and the Vase women were there—I wasn't exactly welcome!"

"I see. Well, I have bad news for you. Miss Hartley was murdered."

"Murdered? But I thought you'd decided it was an accident?"

"I had decided nothing!" Connell stared sternly at Paul. "She was electrocuted before being thrown into the pool."

"Electrocuted? How? Not—not in the shower?"

"Yes—yes," Connell suddenly looked at him. "How did you know that?"

Paul blinked. "Why—I—well—I guess I just thought of that—people have been electrocuted in showers, haven't they?"

"Not without reason, to my knowledge," returned Connell drily.

"Where were you before you came here tonight?"

"Where—oh, I was at tennis."

"In golf shoes?"

"Golf shoes—I don't get it." He thrust out a foot. "I'm wearing mud-shoes—you don't play tennis in rubber!"

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"Mr. Connell did not acknowledge defeat. He would see Joe. Joe talked too much—he might give his son away. It would come harder for Joe then. He dismissed the uncomfortable thought, grudgingly—a detective cannot afford to be self-hurted."

"Where's Joe?" he asked.
"Inside—he comes every night when everyone goes." The younger man was watching Connell closely.

Connell trusted silently again. On the diving board a fat and rotund figure passed noticeably. His feebly muscular quivered to the vibration. He saw the detective and a comical look of horror spread slowly over his face. He hesitated a moment, then fell, with a resounding splash. Connell frowned morosely.

A red line broke the surface, and puffing and popping and splashing, Joe paddled to the edge and heaved himself out of the water with difficulty.

"When I swim—I swim alone!" he stated with outraged dignity. "I am like an antelope!"

Connell swallowed his laughter with an effort.

"Sorry," he whispered. "Didn't mean to intrude."

"Hold! I want down!" declared the tuban eagerly. He waddled away to a cubicle.

Connell returned to the office. Paul glanced shyly.

"I should have warned you," he said.

"Hush," replied Connell without expression. He drew out a hand chair.

Joe was quick to appear. He sank down on a seat opposite the detective and crossed his plump legs.

"Toss sorry—but I like da privacy, you understand. Mister Connell, why you come here again, huh?"

"Did you know the lights in the lane were off?"

"Yes da best!"

"The men stand on to the walls of these paths."

"Ah, those. Yes, I put them off these afternoon—one of them ants order."

"The one near cubicle 30?" Connell was watching both men closely.

"Number 30," blurted Paul. "Yes." He stopped.

Connell smiled. "A wire could be run—from there—possibly through the ventilator of the cubicle."

"Whole you mean?" gasped Joe. "These women—they looked by the electric?"

"You both understood so quickly," sighed the detective. "By the way, Joe—did Paul ever tell you he and Miriam Herley had a baby in 1937?"

Joe's mouth fell open, then closed silently.

Paul spoke sharply. "Why, that's ridiculous—I'd only be fifteen then!"

Connell shrugged and looked at the ground. There were too many smooth answers around here, and as a detective Connell knew smooth answers were either simple truth or a deliberately concocted lie.

He looked slowly from one man to the other, and he figured that they were too much at ease for collaboration. There was something missing that would have been there had they been in the tent—perhaps the quick exchange of glances, the almost psychic tension that would have been between them. No, they were telling the truth . . .

Then Connell had a thought. He added then that, Paul?

"Paul—who were you called after?"

"Dad, of course—Joe's just a nickname—but, what?"

Joe had recovered his voice and his calm. "Mister Connell, while there you say? You think Paul knew these women?" His foot twitched eagerly.

Connell suppressed a start. Joe was wearing rubber-soled golf shoes. There was a damp print on the floor near his chair.

"No—not Paul," he said grimly. "You, Joe?"

Joe slumped back against the chair. Paul looked at him with horror. Joe began to shake.

"I no do eet," he bubbled. "Paul, tell him I no do eet. I fess de sweetch all de time. Paul, you see no. Everyone here, they see me fess de sweetch!"

"No," said Connell softly. "Paul didn't see you. He only saw a torch. That's what everyone saw. A sort of decay, wasn't it?"

Joe repeated dully, "I no do eet!"

"You left a print on her shoe—you're wearing the same shoes now."

"Oss her shoe?" Joe looked at his feet incredulously. "Santa Maria—I tread on her shoe?"

Paul's face was white. "Dad—you did kill her?" he whispered. Stolidly there was hatred in his eyes.

It seemed as if Joe began to shrink. His fat face seemed into deep lines, and he looked old and tired. He shrugged. "So—yes, I kool her. But I do eet for you, Paul, only for you!"

Paul looked at him blankly. "I don't get you."

"I guess Minnie there baby-she loves her husband—but she don't want to marry me. I gorry them child my ass—I wanta do them for the child. Her husband—he take her back. The daughter—she no know about the baby—I take care of that. Then, Paul—you wants marry Joyce—Minnie threaten she want tell—the not wants that my ass should marry her daughter—no—." He spread his palms apologetically. "Now you and da girl—you weel be happy, yes?"

Connell looked at Paul. What passed across Paul's face wasn't any more. It was the outward and visible sign that the bottom had fallen out of his world.

Connell cleared his throat and looked away. A man in the detective business wears a heart as hard as an opium shell. He doesn't wear a heart at all.

"Do you think she'd marry me—after this?" In his despair Paul was cruel.

Joe quavered as if struck. She face went the shade of the concrete floor. "Santa Maria—I no think of theta. Oh, Santa Maria," he whispered. "Them had becomen!"



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Talking Points

● COVER GIRL . . .

Lovely Jeanne Crain who has repeatedly become one of the best-known and most decisive of the film's belles, is the smile who does the right thing by the CAVALCADE over the month. Admired as much for her talent as an actress as for her beauty, Jeanne does her next job of co-starring in the 19th Century-Fox film, "You Were Meant For Me."

● MEET RITA . . .

CAVALCADE introduces a smart writer from the Deep South (Malbourne in this case) in Rita Cox, author of "The Body Were Red." Rita is not inexperienced in the matter of writing—it just happens that she hasn't made CAVALCADE before, though it looks as though we'll be seeing her again. And if you think a woman writer can't handle a well-storied story, start to read your views on page 24, this issue.

● HUMAN . . .

There aren't any statistics to show how many women really lost their husbands . . . it is one of those things that either happens—or you never have about it. But one woman who discovered the doctor to her home has come clear with this full story (page 3 this issue) in terms that may be of help as well as interest.

● GOOD LIVING . . .

There are few people who really take time off to master the art of getting the best out of life. The "how vivant?" interviewed (page 65) for

CAVALCADE would have it known, however, that people who do live well should not be called "how vivant", but given the phrase we use. Having put your high school French right, we can only point out that there seems to be a lot of this involved in getting acquainted with good wines and food. Of course, it may injure the future—but you can't have everything!

● LOCAL . . .

The dramatic story of "The Taking of Yehon Ahliah" (page 12) is an adventure of Sergeant McFost during his career with the Palestine police. The writer has since returned to Australia and, leaving his more colourful days behind, is enjoying the less hazardous work of the Canberra police.

● LIGHTHOUSE . . .

The wreck of the "Dunker" (page 26, 27 this issue) is probably the most horrifying tragedy of the Australian coast. It occurred because the captain mistook Sydney's notorious suicide spot, the Gap, for the entrance to Port Jackson, which is very nearby. The mistake was only possible because the harbour entrance was not sufficiently lighted, and the "Dunker" tragedy resulted in the establishment of the lighthouse which has made the Port Jackson entrance safe ever since. This was a better aftermath than wrecks often had, for no less than 42 ships were wrecked on Kleg Island in Sans Street, before a lighthouse was erected there.

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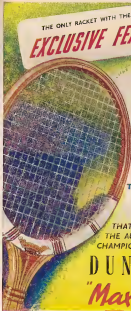
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